

CASTLE of

FRANKENSTEIN

No. 6



35c

RADIO

HORRORS!!

CHRISTOPHER LEE RETURNS IN THE

GORGON!

INTERVIEW WITH ALFRED

HITCHCOCK!

LON CHANEY JR.'S

MONSTERS--

DRACULA AND

THE WOLFMAN

PLUS ANOTHER LOST FRANKENSTEIN!



FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN! Lou Christie, Jr. appears here in a Frankenstein makeup created by Vincent J.R. Kehoe for a 1952 TALES OF TOMORROW on ABC-TV.



CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN

Vol. 2 No. 2

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INSIDE FRONT

Yet another forgotten Frankenstein! Lon Chaney Jr. as Frankenstein on ABC-TV's TALES OF TOMORROW (1952). This test makeup was created by Vincent J-R Kehoe.

BACK COVER

Lugosi stalks—on the same staircase seen in the Frankenstein's Monster scene used on the back cover of Cat#3. Save these back covers for a complete staircase collection.

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Frankenstein

TV movieguide

CoF's Complete Rundown of Horror-Fantasy and Science-Fiction Films Released to Television

Back several issues ago, CoF's first attempt to list fantasy films on TV was pretty abortive. The total number of titles has reached staggering proportions in the last five years. How could we list them all?

Sleeping in the dungeon of the Gothic Castle last month (all available space in the torture chamber was filled at the time)—surrounded by thousands of file cards, notes and reference books—we woke up screaming and the solution came to us in a dazed sleep drugged vision.

We will list them all! But not in one issue, of course. We'll go straight through, alphabetically, until we reach the end. We start with "A"—next issue we'll cover the "B" listings—and right now ZOMBIES ON BROADWAY is a picture we do want to even think about.

—The Editors

ABOTT AND COSTELLO GO TO MARS—(75m.—U.S.—1953). A and C meet real-life Miss Universe contestants in space. Their good years were over when they made this.

ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET ON JEKYL AND MR. HYDE—(75m.—U.S.—1951). Zany sloppiness version of the Stevenson classic; A and C run amok in Dr. Boris Karloff in London. Wild fun in many bright spots. Craig Stevens, Helen Weston.

ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN—(85m.—U.S.—1948). Wonderful lampoon of horror films; the unique and hilarious, some snarly, ridiculous, amateurish play is to the point. The Frankenstein/Wester's brain with Costello's. Lou Chesny Jr., Bela Lugosi, Glenn Strange, Lurene Tuttle.

ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE INVISIBLE MAN—(82m.—U.S.—1951). OK gore comedy. A and C in pinpricking badguarnd, with visibility formulas, crooked fighters, and persnickety. Just fair. Arthur Franz, Nancy Guild, Gavin Mac-



Super-alias in ATOMIC SUBMARINE

ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE KILLER—(84m.—U.S.—1949). Kerfuffle (Chesney Bad and Lou) is the most interesting ingredient in this otherwise forgettable film.

ABOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE MUMMY—(79m.—U.S.—1955). Grade B merrilla, not up to others in series. Grove robbery in an Egyptian tomb. Tax forced and infomary. Marie Wilson, Michael Deasen, Michael Ansara, Ed Parker.

ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN—(85m.—Hawaii—1957). Val Guest directed. Forrest Tucker, Peter Cushing. **AFRICA SCREAMS**—(79m.—Norway—1949). Disgusting Abbott and Costello spoof on jungle pictures. Slimy merroring and juvenile. Frank Beck, Clyde Beatty.

A-HAUNTING WE WILL GO—(57m.—20th Fox—1942). Loual and Hardy meet ghosts. Not their best but still of interest. Henry Morgan.

ALADDIN AND HIS LAMP—(59m.—Mono.—1952). Color. Oriental farce. Pauline Frederick, John Sordi, Richard Cromwell.

ALIAS JOHN PRESTON—(73m.—Borridge—1955). Fairly interesting British suspense thriller about a Jack Hyde personality. Acting is good, story conceivable, production unconvincing. Dismal sequences in particular are disappointing. Christopher Lee, Alexander Knox, Bertie St. John.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—(99m.—20th Fox—1943). Jon Hall, Maria Montez and Andy Devine run around Baghdad. Directed by Arthur Lubin.

ALI BABA GOES TO TOWN—(99m.—20th Fox—1957). This version features Eddie Cantor, Terry Martin, Adolfo Young.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—(75m.—Fern—1950). Directed by Norman Z. McLeod, written by Joseph L. "Cheaperata" Mankiewicz. Correll's dead, with sap stories to somewhat discrediting him. Still, he's good. John Carradine, W. C. Fields, Jack Oakie, Richard Arlen, Chester Morris, Edward Everett Horton, Leon Errolle.

ALICE IN WONDERLAND—(Plan—Barrie—1951). Live action, octopus, went Leo Barrie's perpetra in this British version of the children's classic. OK with Britishness.

ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, THE—(24m.—20th Fox—1959). Grade B neodrakula. Beverly Garland trocks her new husband Robert Greene to a decaying mansion in the Louisiana Bayous. Greene is a doctor doctor, experiencing odd things with a strange skin disease. Story runs down near the middle. Bruce Bennett, George Macready, Lou Christie, Jr.

ALL THAT MONEY CAN BUY—(82m.—Buster—1941). Great funnier based Stephen Vincent Benet's poem. Robert Walker, Walter White, defends a man who has sold his soul. Walter Huston, Simone Simon, Edward Arnold, James Craig, Anne Shirley.

AMAZING COLOSSAL MAN, THE—(81m.—All—1957). Weak, foolish and unconvincing thriller. Army colonel exposed to bomb blast grows to giant proportions, then goes on oil-est gambler/capoeira, nearly leveling Las Vegas. Louis Gossett, Jr., Leslie Caron, William Holden.

AMAZING MR. X, THE—(79m.—Mono—1948). Fair. Spiritualist uses beautiful widow in his socket. Some good, almost inspired moments in this bad imitation of *Nightmare Alley*. Orson Welles, Dorothy Lamour, Robert Young.

AMAZING TRANSFUSED MAN, THE—(85m.—AI—1960). The plot is as transparent as the man. Doug Kennedy, Marguerite Chapman, James Grimes.

AMOCLES AND THE LION—(93m.—AKO—1957). Amocles with help of his son, Akio, Tomio, Victor Webster, Jean Simmons, Robert Newton, Maurice Evans, Eric Lindenster, Gene Lockhart.

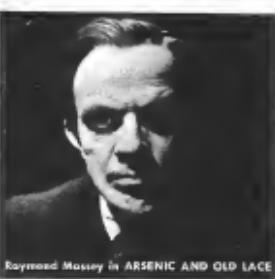
ANGRY RED PLANET, THE—(82m.—AI—1960). Routine space adventure in "CineMAGIC". Excellent, well-acted by the ensemble. Color. Donald Meek, John Hodiak, Lee Trevor.

ANGEL WHO FAWNED HER HAIR, THE—(73m.—Astor—Art—1958). Tale of angel who comes to Earth to do good deeds. Much certain British romantic charm. Diane Cilento (of "Sex and the City"), Alan Alda, Carol Burnett.

ANIMAL FARM—(75m.—dellachman-DCA—1955). Excellent Hobo and Battobro British cartoon interpretation of Orwell's satire on Communism, frightened and significant. Voices by Maurice Denham, George Cole.

APIE, THE—(15m.—Mono—1940). Familiar dated horror film. Korloff as a slightly demented doctor who wears up old suit and kills people in search of a pain killer. Good thing Dr. Salk never saw this. Marlo Wilson, Henry Hull.

Cushing meets ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN



Raymond Massey in ARSENIC AND OLD LACE



ATLAS AGAINST THE CYCLOPS—See "Atlas in the Land of Cyclops."

ATLAS IN THE LAND OF CYCLOPS—(100m.—Mediocine—1963). Atlas battles mythical monsters. Michael Carter, Chelo Alonso.

ATOM ACE VAMPIRE—(75m.—Tango—1963). Grode D. Lee French and horror scientist turns into monster. Produced by Mario Eava. Alberto Lupo, Seavine Loret.

ATOMIC CITY—(85m.—Faro—1955). Son of Los Alamos physicist is kidnapped by H-bomb spies. Gordon Scott, Gene Barry, Lee Aaker, Milburn Stone, Lydia Clarke.

ATOMIC KID, THE—(Eden—Rep.—1954). Mickey Rooney encounters spines and radiation. Our ginger exorcist didn't click on this one at all.

ATOMIC MAN—(75m.—AA—1959). Mediocre science fiction. "The Strange Man" by Charles Eric Myles, Gene Nelson, Faith Domergue.

ATOMIC SUBMARINE—(75m.—AA—1959). Familiar but unimaginatively set grade B sci-adventure. New atom bomb destroys an enemy submarine at North Pole. Oscillatingly exciting special effects. Arthur Franz, Dick Foran, Brett Halsey, Ben Conroy.

ATTACK ON THE CRAB MONSTERS—(75m.—AA—1957). Grossness replete with humor can't rescue from island. Giant crustacean-creatures who use vocal intonations of former victims to lure others. Directed by Roger Corman. Richard Garland, Pamela Doreen, Russell Johnson.

ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN—(75m.—AA—1958). Introducing the first of the Alimentic wife turned giant by space monster. Worst special effects imaginable tend to make the film laughable, but it's more often just intriguing. Allison Hayes, John Hoyt, Howard Vernon, Vicki Vola.

ATTACK OF THE PUPPET PEOPLE—(75m.—AA—1957). Journey about kindly old waymaker who shrinks people to the size of dolls for compassion. Generally poor film has excellent performances by John Hoyt as the toymaker, John Agar, Jane Keeny.



APE MAN, THE—(70m.—Mona—1943). Grode C. horribly overacted thriller. Eugene turns himself into an ape; many audience hopes he'll stay that way. Wallace Ford, Louise Currie, Maureen O'Sullivan.

ATLANTIAN NIGHTS—(Eden—U.S.—1942). All the Ambion Nights stars: Jon Hall, Marla Monteza, Lieff Erickson, Turhans Bay, Thomas Gomez, Billy Gilbert.

ASTRONAUTS, THE—See "Ghosts of Thessaly."

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE—(118m.—Warner—1944). Don Knotts' first Capone role. Story is standard as equally great screwball film. Two sweet old ladies hold funeral services in their basement, innocent killing Jonesy, gentlebut gullible, Josephine Hull, Gale Sondergaard, Raymond Massey, Priscilla Lane, Jack Carson.

ASTOUNDING SHE-MONSTER, THE—(Ashorefront—1959). Frightful Grade D Hammerfest waste of film in which a glowing space woman terrorizes humans. Marilyn Harvey, Robert Hutton, John Carradine.

ATLANTIS [SIREN OF ATLANTIS]—(75m.—National—1948). Two Frenchmen stumble onto Marie Monte who rules Atlantis. This one is below sea level. Jean Pierre Aumont, Dennis O'Keefe.

ATLANTIS, THE LOST CONTINENT—(1959).

This is a family set, unattractive George Pal sci-adventure told in single-grip guy-boy-guy terms. Good individual effects (including old "Gone With the Wind" footage) depicting super-enhanced civilization, but otherwise a bad idea. Lots of fun for Steve Reeves spectacles. Will leave much without its MarioCaker. Tony Hall, John Dall, Edward G. Robinson, Joyce Taylor.

ATLAS—(85m.—Filigrana—1961). Tyrant uses Atlas for his evil ends. Filmed in Greece. Michael Ferrer, Frank Wolff, Barbara Morris.

Running times have been included in these listings to enable the reader to calculate for himself if his local station has cut the film—and how much. Figuring on 6 minutes of commercials per half-hour will usually give a fairly accurate total when subtracted from the film's listed time slot. It should be kept in mind that



ATTACK OF THE 50-FOOT WOMAN

television is not the ideal showcase for theatrical films, especially those of the more spectacular wide-screen color variety. A popular practice with wide-screen films is known as "scanning." This is a process which enables the viewer to see, say, Chelo Alonso screaming on the left side of the screen while Steve Reeves fights an alligator on the right. Somehow this is how it always works out, and the film is usually more satisfactory telecast as it is—even though the sides are lost.

Such films as **MOBY DICK** and **EARTH VS. FLYING SAUCERS** suffer on TV because in most of their action scenes they depend heavily upon the immensity of the screen (i.e., a white whale bearing down on you fifty feet high in a sight not easily forgotten).

Still, television is the last refuge for the great works of the past which are inaccessible outside metropolitan areas. And even though films are shown in weaker and often reduced form, the serious viewer can try to view them with this in mind and derive almost as much enjoyment from them as when they were first released.

—Joe Dante—



A Family of Just Plain Monsters!

When Fred Gwynne was hired for the part of Muldoon on Nat Hiken's "Car 54, Where Are You?" a few years ago, he never realized that someday he'd cash in his ungodly tall, gangling figure and talents for the part of a Frankenstein-like monster. Yes, THE MUNSTERS have arrived, and on the opposite page you'll find this one is the successor to the monster made by Mary Shelley and carried on by the immortal Karloff and others. To the left is Beverley Owen, playing a member of the Munster family. Her normality—compared to the other Munsters—is based on the theory that since she looks and acts like a pretty American girl, this means she's okay. But we've got news for her: some Cof staff members have known several beautiful girls who turned out to be monsters! (Nor were we imbibing Frankenstein Fruit Punch, we hasten to add!)

MUNSTER





Yvonne DeCarlo (Lily in *THE MUNSTERS*) has new gags full circle—few people realize Miss DeCarlo almost got her start in monster movies! In the early Forties, before her film career got under way, she once donned monster makeup to screen test as a *WOLF WOMAN* for Universal. Unfortunately, she failed the test (and so did the movie); shortly after, Walter Wanger selected her for the lead in *SALOME, WHERE SHE DANCED*. Now, after twenty years, she has joined the ranks of Bette Davis, Joan Crawford, Tullio Kezich and other top Hollywood stars from the Forties who have found renewed fame via the horror flick.



What's the story on Fred Gwynne who plays Herman Munster? He's a man-made monster of many talents, having written and illustrated two books and also George Martin's anti-war fable, *THE BATTLE OF THE FROGS AND THE MICE*. "Children can enjoy it," explains Gwynne, "but the humor in it is more on the adult level." He's an accomplished painter-sculptor (having once studied with the noted portrait artist E. S. Merriam), a former advertising copywriter and Shakespearean actor. But he's no stranger to comedy-festoon—he made his Broadway debut as "The Stinker" in Mary Chase's fantasy, *MRS. MCTHING*.

END



The RETURN OF Christopher LEE

NEW CHARACTERIZATIONS
BY THE MODERN
MASTER OF HORROR

By Michel Parry

Chris Lee's great portrayal of Dracula in *HORROR OF DRACULA*—recently re-released by Seven Arts. Many horror buffs feel that Lugosi's approach to the role was overly theatrical and regard Lee's subtle and chilling interpretation as the greatest Dracula ever captured on film.



WITH TWO YEARS of international film work behind him, Christopher Lee has returned to the studio that brought him fame — Bray studios, from whence came top Hammer hits like *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN* and *THE HORROR OF DRACULA*. He isn't sorry to be back; "Bray has very happy memories for me," he said. "It's like a home away from home."

He left England because of its "vicious and crippling tax system." Under present conditions an actor or performer pays income tax on money earned abroad as well as in England even though he may already have paid foreign taxes. With the possibility of having to pay out more than his income, Chris has very wisely made his home in Switzerland on a lakeside with Charlie Chaplin and mystery-writer James Hadley Chase as neighbors.

During those brief two years he has made several Continental films: *THE DEVIL'S AGENT* (an Anglo-German spy-thriller shot in Ireland); *GANGSTER, LONDON* (German); *HERCULES AT THE CENTER OF THE EARTH* (an Indian movie also known as *HERCULES VERSUS THE VAMPIRES*, directed by Mario Rava who also supervised *BLACK SUNDAY* and *BLACK SABBATH* and to be followed by a co-production with American International); *THE TITANIC*; *KATHARSIS* (Italian, in which he played both Faust and Mephistopheles); *THE WHIP AND THE BODY* (Italian with Daliah Lavi); *THE VIRGIN OF NUREMBERG* (Italian with Rossana Podesta); *KARNESTEIN** (Italian, based on Sheridan Le Fanu's "Carmilla," the story that Roger Vadim used as a basis for his remarkable *BLOOD AND ROSES*); and a new version of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's *VALLEY OF FEAR* (German, directed by Terence Fisher of Hammer fame).

In *VALLEY OF FEAR* Chris follows in the footsteps of great actors like Basil Rathbone by playing Sherlock Holmes. Thorley Watson is Mr. Watson. Adrian Conan Doyle, son of Sherlock Holmes' famous creator, visited the set and evaluated Lee's performance as one of the two finest Holmes portrayals he had ever seen. He was equally positive that his father would have approved of the interpretation.

It may be remembered that five years ago Chris appeared in a Hammer Holmes film, *THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES*, but as the youthful Sir Henry Baskerville. Peter Cushing was featured in the role of the great detective.

THE VIRGIN OF NUERBERG



Chris returned to Bray to star in a new Hammer production *THE DEVIL-SHIP PIRATES*, playing a part similar to his role in Hammer's *PIRATES OF BLOOD RIVER*. Once again a blood-thirsty pirate captain, this time he is Spanish, contrasting the French Captain Lestrange. As Captain Robles, he and the crew of the "Diablo", a survivor from the ill-fated Armada, terrorize an isolated Cornish village until the villagers rise up against their evil captors. The film is directed by Don Sharp (who made the haunting *KISS OF THE VAMPIRE*) in wide screen and Eastmancolor with story and script by the prolific Jimmy Sangster.

Few people know that Christopher Lee can speak fluent Italian, German, Spanish, Russian and Swedish. He can, therefore, make a film in the local language and, when necessary, dub his own voice for the export versions.

He is recently reported to have said, "With a face like mine I just have to be a villain." No doubt thousands of his female fans would disagree. He now receives more letters from woman admirers than any other actor in Britain—truly a remarkable feat for an actor best known for monster roles. He owes his dark Latin looks to Italian ancestry (his full name is Christopher Caradini Lee), and in fact claims to be a descendant of the notorious Borgias. We don't doubt it at all.

Those who'd like to know the full story of Lee's career have a treat in store—he is presently writing an autobiography. The book will cover his life from his schooling at Wellington, through his dramatic experiences in war-time Military Intelligence to the hard days as a struggling actor and his momentous overnight climb to stardom in *THE CURSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. There will, of course, be detailed coverage of the Lee monsters as well as his own views on the art of the horror film. (Unlike certain other horror actors, Chris takes all his parts seriously and is a keen student of fantasy and the cinema.) He was encouraged to take up the autobiography by his writer neighbor Hadley Chase.

No doubt one chapter will be dedicated to his most burning ambition, which is to make a film based on Victor Hugo's novel *THE MAN WHO LAUGHS*, with himself in the title role. The story concerns an unfortunate man with a permanent Sardonic-like fixed grin. His face is amusing to all who see him, who do not realize that he is actually a sad depressed person. "It's a remarkable story, and it could be a marvelous film," enthuses Lee. Many years ago it was made as a silent film in Germany with the great Conrad Veidt in the title role.

Continued

DEVIL SHIP PIRATES



THE GORGON

CAST

Namaroff

Meister

Tucker

Carla

Peter Cushing

Christopher Lee

Richard Pasco

Barbara Shelley



To the left are three shots from Terence Fisher's **VALLEY OF FEAR**: top, Hans Nielsen as the commissioner, Chris as Sherlock Holmes and Thorley Walters as Dr. Watson; center shot shows Mabuse influence; bottom, Chris with Hans Sohnker. Directly below, Chris in **UNCLE WAS A VAMPIRE**—as seen by a Spanish caricaturist.

Chris says he would like to make the film in Britain, but so far producers have turned down the idea as "uncommercial." It is still possible that he might find a backer elsewhere in Europe. After all, in his early days a producer told him that he would never be a successful actor because of his commanding height.

When we asked Christopher Lee what he thought of the **CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** genre, he replied that he feels that it forms "the most complete and accurate coverage available today of this particular subject" and is "a good guide to all of us who are either interested or involved" in any way.



THE GORGON



Has Chris accepted any parts in Hammer's new wave of horror films? He has definitely decided not to play the Frankenstein monster or the Mummy again. "But Dracula is different," he would certainly do that again if I were asked—he is such an exciting person." As we go to press, rumors have it that Hammer is finally going to make Jimmy Sangster's long-shelved *DISCIPLE OF DRACULA*, so perhaps . . .

Not all of Chris' ambitions are as macabre as Dracula or *THE MAN WHO LAUGHS*. He is a keen golf enthusiast and has reached near-professional perfection, having teed off with Sam Snead, Ben Hogan, and Dave Douglas. His biggest non-acting ambition is to play Arnold Palmer. "If I could just do that," he says, "I could die—and live!—quite happily . . ." While making *DEVIL SHIP PIRATES* he had no time for golf. "I've been wielding the sword rather than the golf-club lately," he sighs.

Which brings us to another of his remarkable talents—his superb swordsmanship, inherited from his father, a former Army champion. It comes in useful in swashbuckling parts, but he doesn't always come away unscathed. He has several scars and a permanently crooked little finger as a result of a screen fight with Erol Flynn.

His wife, beautiful Danish model Birgit Korenke, is a talented painter and recently had a one-woman exhibition of 18 oil paintings at New York's famous World House Galleries on Madison Avenue. Gute, as Chris calls her, wants to do an oil of her husband in one of his more infamous roles—perhaps Dracula! That should be a real collectors item.

—Michel Parry



Chris in another of his great scenes from the past—the gripping climax of *HORROR HOTEL*.

*Editor's note: *Horror Hotel's* *KARISTERS* (*TERROR IN THE CRYPT* in the US) is definitely not to be missed. It features beautiful imagery, combining both classic and graphic elements; an extremely explicit vampire-ladies' relationship (you won't believe your eyes). The highly suspenseful plot is well developed, and the few bad mood scenes end up being fairly faithful to La Fonda. In some respects it is superior to *Vladim's BLOOD AND ROSES*.



THE PEAK YEARS OF A SECOND GENERATION MONSTER!

Part three of the
Lon Chaney Jr.
story by

Richard Bojarski

SON OF CHANEY



IN 1939, after years of obscurity in the film factories, Lon Chaney Jr. begins to enjoy his first taste of success only because of recognition won from his performance as "Lennie" in *OF MICE AND MEN*. For a short time Chaney basked in the warmth of newly found fame and fortune, and being in demand for a change. Hal Roach was overjoyed over his "Lennie," and shortly after stated that a deal was pending to star Lon in *CUP OF GOLD*, a story of pirate adventure based upon the John Steinbeck novel. Steinbeck personally felt that the novel would act as the perfect vehicle for Lee after seeing the fine job he did in the role of Lennie—but the second Steinbeck film never materialized.

Continued

Lee Chaney Jr., (above), as he appeared in Universal's *Frankenstein* (1931) and *THE UNHOLY THREE*; his most terrible characteristics in the picture showed the range of his versatility. Chaney Jr. proved that, like his father, he could handle comedy as well as drama, with equal success in films like the 1940 *ONE MILLION B.C.* (opposite page) and *OF MICE AND MEN*. In *B.C.* Union soldiers kept Chaney from using his natural animalistic qualities (see inset), a problem his father never encountered.





MAN-MADE MONSTER (Universal, 1941) was originally titled "The Mysterious Dr. R." Perhaps the studio decided it really wasn't very mysterious. Between takes, Chaney Sr. was given a memorial tribute (above-bronze plaque on the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA set now open to the public). Making the presentation to Lon Jr. are five of the original PHANTOM crew members, along with Patsy Ruth Miller who starred with Lon Sr. Below, and looking rather Bogart-like, Lon is seen in THE SHADOW OF SILK LENNOX (Commodore, 1935).



For a number of months before, Roach had been planning a film with movie pioneer D. W. Griffith based upon the lives and adventures of prehistoric peoples in the remote ages of dinosaurs. The production: ONE MILLION B.C. As one of the principal players, Chaney was cast as Akhodas, tribal leader of the Rock People and father of Victor Mature. It was originally intended as a strong character part, but, owing to plot restrictions and cutting, Lon's role was minimized.

FILMING ONE MILLION B.C.

Due to squabbles arising from conflicting opinions concerning cast and script, Griffith withdrew from the film asking his name be deleted from the credits. (Quick, David Werk, the fil! See page 33 for size of the story about DWG vs. the great Roach.—Editor)

However, the entire film bears Griffith's unmistakable hand and inspiration—in fact, much if not all of the story could have been derived from his own large filmed or unused backlog of material. But, apart from Griffith's participation as associate producer, this film is important in relation to Chaney's career, for this was the first time he began using special character makeup in the tradition that made his father famous. Yet even in this bright moment, frustration once more arose; his only known attempt at creating his own makeup for an important part

Continued

OF NICE AND NIN





Lon wrestles a bear in a grisly scene
usually missing from most prints of
THE WOLF MAN.



In Lon's latest
WITCHCRAFT (20th
Century, 1964), he
prepares for Black
Mass—not far from
Salem, Mass.



IN MAN-MADE MONSTER, Lionel Atwill is just about to discover whether Anne Nagel is AC or DC when Chaney, a supercharged walking dynamo, intrudes and gives Atwill the shock of his life.

was voided by the makeup artists union—it's established rule: makeup can only be professionally applied by and used for the purpose of acting by professional union makeup men. As seen by the accompanying photo, Chaney's original makeup creation was stronger and eerier; however, a less "subhuman" quality was emphasized by the makeup created for him by Bill Madsen, head makeup man at Roach Studios—publicity releases, though, mentioned it as a joint creation of Chaney and Madsen. As a result of a bad accident that Chaney is supposed to sustain as Akkodah (when a prehistoric musk-ox tramples and gored him), he is made up to appear crippled for the balance of the film. The special makeup for the cripple scenes, created by Madsen, required four-and-a-half hours.

B.C.'s GEOGRAPHY

For location scenes, Roach sent his scouts searching for a wild prehistoric setting—and they found it in Fire Valley, a red gash in the Nevada hills. The geography consisted of sandstone formations which time and weather had eroded into strange grotesque chasms, peaks and pillars. To "face-lift" the valley back in time a million years, studio workmen preceded the actors by a couple of weeks to install smoke pots in the ground (to simulate volcanic spas) and added prehistoric type vegetation. Many of the special animal scenes were taken there;

but after ten days, the rest was shot in the Roach Studios where one of the strangest sets ever set up in Hollywood's history was constructed. Among some of the complex jobs, Roach's special effects department is credited for the outstanding earthquake and volcano sequences.

Finally, Chaney's scenes were completed in December while the special animal sequences stayed in production until spring of the following year. Chaney received third billing in a cast with Victor Mature, Carol Landis, and John Hubbard; direction was credited to Hal Roach and Hal Roach Jr. Released in 1940 as **ONE MILLION B.C.**, the film was given mixed reviews; though praised for exceptional special effects, it was criticized for placing anachronisms that had for dramatic effect, both man and dinosaur on earth at the same time. While paleontologists agree that saurians and homo sapiens existed *several million years apart*, B.C.'s special effects are so well done that fans have been quick to forgive and forget such discrepancies. As an example, most dinosaur film stock that was to appear in other films for the next twenty-five years has been borrowed from B.C.

One of B.C.'s important facets which critics failed to observe was an almost total absence of dialogue (the pseudo mumbo-jumbo caveman jargon could hardly be considered "conversation"). Except for elaborate sound effects and a

musical background, B.C. relies entirely on its visual appeal to tell its story; thus its basic structure is of the silent film era. This has only added to further a premise held by some important film authorities that motion pictures depend purely upon visual and not aural (sound) values; in other words, when any forms of sound threaten to dominate a production's visual activity, the very purpose of film making is defeated. This is undoubtedly the reason why B.C. resembles many of Griffith's fine silent era creations. There were even hints of Biblical touches for which Griffith was famous in his earlier productions, but they were not serious enough to make the film more than a clever and engaging refinement of **THE LOST WORLD** theme.

FOREVER LENNIE

During B.C.'s release, Lon appeared on the **INNER SANCTUM** radio show cast in a Lennie type role, then traveled to New York to do a scene from Steinbeck's novel for CBS radio. On his return to Hollywood he found that only Lennie type roles were available. Refusing to run the risk of being "typed", he decided to persevere. Finding that patience was of no use, Lon capitulated and accepted a rather trivial part in De Mille's **NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE** in which he played a Mantis, a hen-pecked giant member

Continued



Lon Chaney, Jr. in a film that took a wrapping from the critics—the 1942 MUMMY'S TOMB.



of half-breeds who were in revolt against the Canadian government in 1885. This obvious brief takeoff on Lennie was unfortunately injected for buffoonery. The only other film he did in 1940, before being signed up by Universal, was MGM's elaborate Technicolor production, *BILLY THE KID*, in which he undertook another depressing minor role under the shadow of the film's star, Robert Taylor. As a heavy, his brief scenes for this white-washed bio-pic of the notorious psycho-outlaw were shot on MGM's studio lot late that year, while the New Mexico scenes were filmed in Arizona's Monument Valley.

Without a movie contract again, Lon's future seemed bleak unless an abundance of Lennie-type roles and quaint beauty parts could be termed "job offers with a future." To him they looked like poison.

Then a ray of sunshine broke through. Considering Lon as a possible contract player, due to the reputation of his recent success, and also hoping that the once-magical name of Chaney might mean box office, Universal decided to take a chance and signed him up for a several years contract. Hoping that this would eventually lead to better parts, Chaney accepted a contract that was to take him through the five greatest years of his movie career.

Universal was now beginning to ride the crest of the second big horror cycle which was started by its monumental success *THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*.

during the previous year (1939). Dusting off an old property originally meant for Karloff and Lugosi, Universal revived *THE ELECTRIC MAN*. Retitled *MAN-MADE MONSTER*, it was another variation of the mad doctor theme, with emphasis on electro-biology rather than on surgery or chemistry. As Dan McCormick, Lon played a good-natured sideshow "electric man." His unusual immunity to electricity tempts brilliant Dr. Regas (played superbly with a dash of madness by Lionel Aitwill) into feeding Chaney larger doses of electricity with the dream of "creating a race of living zombies." This results in chaos for all concerned, including Aitwill and Chaney.

Making his horror movie acting debut at the same studio where his famous father made his greatest successes, Lon's man who personally supervised all of his makeup jobs for Universal was Jack Pierce, creator of Karloff's immortal Frankenstein monster makeup. Between scenes and while still in makeup, Chaney attended a brief commemoration ceremony honoring his father on the original *PHANTOM* set.

Despite excellent performances from Chaney and Aitwill, *MAN-MADE MONSTER* (released March, 1941) turned out to be somewhat disappointing, lacking much of the verve and spirit that distinguished many of the earlier Universal successes. Certainly no *BRIDE OF F* and hardly a *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*, it was unnoticed by most critics in the

B-horror roster for '41. But the important fact is that this was the first film to use the best of Chaney Jr.'s acting talent since *OF MICE AND MEN*.

As they were rewriting *MAN-MADE MONSTER* while waiting to be called to the set any day, Lon was cast as a heavy in that almost forgotten 1941 super-serial, *RIDERS OF DEATH VALLEY*, starring Buck Jones, Dick Foran and Charles Bickford. Location scenes for this 15-chapter serial were in the Mojave Valley. After this and *MAN-MADE MONSTER*, Lon worked in three minor 1941 films. In the worst of these, he played a heavy alongside Glenn Strange in a cheapy, *BADLANDS OF DAKOTA*. In *TOO MANY BLONDES* he played a truck driver with cultural aspirations, and in *SAN ANTONIO ROSE* a muscle-bound gangster.

THE WOLF MAN!

Then it came. Chaney was cast as the lead in *THE WOLF MAN*, one of Universal's most original creations since *FRANKENSTEIN*. It was the studio's best film of the year and certainly a forerunner entry to help pyramid the growth of the 2nd horror cycle. Though Universal had already made a film on leucanthropy with *THE WEREWOLF OF LONDON* in 1935, *WOLF MAN* bore no relation to it, was far better scripted and directed, and adhered more faithfully to certain established beliefs in leucanthropy. Excl-

Continued



Universal's Jack Pierce (left) preparing Chaney for his portrayal of the Man who became Wolf for *HOUSE OF DRACULA* ('45). Chaney's face, feet and hands were completely covered with yak hair which required six hours to apply. Chaney and Lugosi (above) battle it out in *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* ('43); Lugosi was seen nearly everywhere except where strenuous action was needed. These scenes were played by famous stuntman Ed Parker. Facing page, top: Lon gave quite a charge to those who contacted him in the 1941 *MAN-MADE MONSTER* (also known as *ATOMIC MONSTER* in later re-release). Facing page, bottom: Lon doesn't seem to believe that only her hairdresser knows for sure in a scene with Evelyn Ankers *THE WOLF MAN* ('41).

MAN-MADE MONSTER



THE WOLF MAN





There's no scene like this in SON OF DRACULA, but this still has more drama than the usual posed publicity shot from films of the Forties.

lent casting (Chasey, Maria Ouspenskaya, Claude Rains, Bela Lugosi), an atmospheric musical score, elaborate sets like the unforgettable mist-clad moon sequences, combined with Chaney's fascinating makeup and ability to project terror establishes THE WOLF MAN among the handful of entries deserving to be labeled "classic" in the horror movie field.

But the creation and thinking-out of the WOLF MAN makeup alone another fascinating story. It is generally unknown that Jack Pierce worked on a makeup style created for Henry Hull in WERE-WOLF OF LONDON which was never used because of the length of time required for its application; consequently, a less effective one was put on Hull. Working from a life-mask of Chaney's face, Pierce fashioned a long wolflike rubber nose and a thick wig. Taking roughly five hours, the hair was meticulously applied piece by piece; although it only took forty-five minutes to remove, it was sometimes painful if the hair stuck on too well. Pierce also created the wolflike hands and feet, and costumed Chaney in black shirt and trousers so that the ordeal of body makeup would be avoided.

Other interesting behind-the-scenes highlights: before they chose Chaney for the role, Bela Lugosi was being considered for the part (instead, he was reduced to the relatively minor part of Maria Ouspenskaya's werewolf son). The church scenes were taken on the original HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE DAME set in which Chaney Sr. starred. Somewhat of a sad note is that it seems part of the print released for TV viewing is missing; it shows a wrestling match between Chaney Jr. and a 600 pound bear.

Despite WOLF MAN's overall quality, the borscht film had become a mass-produced product for the action-thriller houses; therefore, this "A" film was never given the high recognition it deserved.

On its completion, Chaney was rushed into a routine programmer—a 15-chapter serial, OVERLAND MAIL, in which Chaney broke Western movie tradition by playing a black-shirted hero! Location scenes were at Keroville, Calif., and while this was his last serial for the studio, his next job was another western: JACK LONDON'S NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE (1942). Producers had discovered villain potentialities in his bulky frame, and he was miscast as a prominent heavy. KLONDIKE was an obvious takeoff on the same studio's remake, SPOILERS, with John Wayne.

THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER AND OTHERS

Quite pleased by its success with THE WOLF MAN, Universal planned a fourth sequel to the FRANKENSTEIN series—starring Chaney as the Monster. Karloff had for a long time resisted offers to play the Monster for several reasons, one of which was a happy commitment to the long Broadway run of ARSENIC AND OLD LACE. So, Chaney submitted in 1942 once more to the rigors of heavy makeup, personally applied by Jack Pierce. He would report in at 4 A.M. daily to comply with an 8 A.M. shooting schedule. Determined to make Chaney's Monster a success, Pierce made it like Karloff's Monster by recreating the same bandages design; but the rubber base caused an allergy that put Chaney out of the picture for a week.

Continuing where THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN left off, and getting Bela Lugosi to re-create his famous Igor role, GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN as

a sequel provided many impressive moments: raising the Monster out of the sulphur pit; the spectacular scene where his body is given a tremendous "tonic" and a charge of greater strength after being struck by lightning. Despite the story's attempt to make the Monster more sympathetic than ever, his inhuman appearance and "rugged individualism," joined to Chaney's entirely fresh interpretation, created a most interesting portrayal. Universal dropped the "Junior" from Chaney's name from that moment. But, though the studio was still producing its important horror films with care, this minor classic is considered as the last "quality" production in horror film series that Universal would ever make (*HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, *HOUSE OF DRACULA*, and *A & C. MEET FRANKENSTEIN* are potpourris and not pure extensions of any series).

His next assignment was a minor 1942 gangster film, *EYES OF THE UNDER-WORLD*; he was killed second to Richard Dix in a role ill-suited to his talents: a manic ex-convict. About the same time Chaney appeared in two Universal shorts, produced to aid the war effort: these *AMERICA SPEAKS* featurettes concerned victory gardens and duties of citizens during air raid blackouts.

Chaney's horror film success now made him into Universal's number one boxoffice attraction, prompting the studio into reviving the *MUMMY* series originated by Karloff ten years before. In *THE MUMMY'S TOMB*, Chaney inherited the role from Tom Tyler in the last sequel (*THE MUMMY'S HAND*, 1940), and was cast as Kharis, the 3,000-year-old mummy supported by high priest Turhan Bey, who was killed as "The Man Of Mystery." Pierce created a rubber mask which was horrific though not so chilling as the Karloff and Tyler makeup. Chaney wore this throughout the series together with a one-piece handaged suit covered with a liquid solution of Fuller's Earth also created for him by Pierce. Where previous sequels had broken off this script attempted to carry on, and also made an effort to relocate the Mummy in New England; but trite dialogue made the Mummy's nocturnal prowlings in search of Princess Ananka seem tedious. While there were a few moody moments followed by a dubious death-by-fire, this was the weakest in the series. There were a few interesting stock shots from the original *FRANKENSTEIN* showing the villagers searching the countryside for the monster, but this could hardly save it either.

So, looking back at the success of *THE WOLF MAN*, Universal decided to combine two potent monsters in one sequel. More ambitious than its predecessor, *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* dramatized the adventures of Chaney as Lawrence Talbot who, in searching for death as a release from the immortal torment of lycanthropy, discovers the comatose body of the Frankenstein Monster within glacial ice. In hopes of finding a welcome death by submitting himself to an energy-releasing experiment, the Wolf Man disappears amid the flooded ruins of Chateau Frankenstein while battling the Monster to the death.

Neatly produced with an eye for detail and exciting drama, it turned into the best of the series since *SON OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Rendering one of his best performances, Chaney's talent for pathos was most effective, especially in the gypsy sequences. For this sequel, Mina Ouspenskaya was recruited to re-create her famous role as Maleva the gypsy. Although Bela Lugosi was approaching sixty and physically unsuited for the role of the Monster,

Continued



Extremely rare *FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN* display poster (above) showing a man-Lan scene—Ilma Messey and Patric Knowles have just received word that, despite their billing, they are not the stars of the movie. Jack Pierce prepares Chaney (center) for his role in *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Makeup applied, Chaney then sets out (below) to get a new brain from little Janet Ann Galloway but Lugosi intervenes.



he still ranked among the Big Three (with Karloff and Chaney), and was readily available. Fortunately, the makeup concealed his age and the use of stuntman Ed Parker for the more strenuous scenes sustained the illusion. Shooting began in late 1942, and filming ran smoothly for awhile until an accident occurred: the horse-drawn cart carrying Chaney and Mae Ouspenskaya toppled over and the aging actress suffered a leg fracture.

Because it was about lyceumropy, the special effects department labored hard to create this illusion. Special photographic wizard John Fulton worked closely with Pierce to create the first man-wolf transformation scenes in the series. Sequences appearing on-screen only a dozen seconds required nine hours work at a time just reconstructing the step-by-step changes. Grotesque scenes like this succeeded in thrilling war-weary audiences happy to escape the bad news of the day. Among the film's moody sequences, H. J. Salter's musical score, played by the Universal sound stage orchestra, created an appropriate atmosphere for the car that underlined the production's visual qualities.

Horror purists feel that this film marked the beginning of the decline of Universal's great horror tradition. Nevertheless, to the studio's credit, it must be admitted that the sequel not only lived up to the original *WOLF MAN* but in some scenes surpassed it.

FROM COWBOY TO DRACULA

Chaney's next job was as a supporting heavy in *FRONTIER BADMEN*, a better than average minor Western. Diana Barrymore was included in the cast of the usual Universal stock players. Between scenes,



Lyonthropy proved to be a potent box office lure when Chaney appeared as THE WOLF MAN (above), but producers guessed wrong when they combined two of the greatest horror figures in FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN (below). In this scene Maria Ouspenskaya, Ilana Massey and Patric Knowles stand in castle ruins waiting for the Frankenstein Monster and the Wolf Man to unearth Ludwig Frankenstein's secret of life.



Chaney visited the 1943 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA production company; this brilliant remake used his father's old Phantom set. Ironically, many of Chaney Jr.'s horror films were shot on this same sound stage.

But it was obvious by this time that he was suffering from the usual studio contract-player's occupational disease: type-casting. His non-horror roles were being limited to heavies.

Possibly the most distinguished role in his career was the lead in THE SON OF DRACULA. Though a misnomer, since he was actually the old Count himself and not his "Son," it was well directed by Robert Siodmak from a script by his brother, Curt "Denovan's Brain" Siodmak. As an actor, it was the studio's best essay on vampires since the original DRACULA; but excellent production management and techniques did little to alleviate the low-budget quality that Universal had been using on many of its horror films for some time. It was a lot cheaper to get the good Count and his activities within the USA's low-cost frame-and-shingle atmosphere (as with the MUMMY sequels) than setting up large cumbersome Transylvanian style units.

From his native Transylvania, Chaney comes into the USA traveling incognito as Count Alucard, searching for "fresh blood." Attempting to gain control of an aristocratic Southern family's estate as a means to power and riches, he abducts their beautiful daughter, turning her into his controlled creature. But the hero frees her, secured soul by destroying her body—the only way that she can be purged of evil. Foiled on the eleventh hour by



CALLING DR. DEATH

Prof. Van Helsing, ably played by the late J. Edward Bromberg, Dracula meets his end when he finds he cannot get into his coffin, purposely set on fire, as the rays of the morning sun reach out to strike him down.

Overlooking a low budget, the musical moods and special effects were used excellently, sometimes sparingly, but always effectively. Scenes of a fog-swept countryside, the graveyard night sequence, and Dracula's coffin emerging from the misty waters of a midnight lake typified some effective moments of this well-dramatized production.

In comparing his various roles, Chaney made this declaration:

"Dracula is certainly more potentially terrifying than those roles which required grotesque makeup. I feel there is no doubt that the mind's own sinister subtleties can be far more terrifying than a semi-human beast."

Unlike his other roles, his Dracula makeup consisted simply of an altered hairline, whitened temples, a suave mustache, and a thin coat of bluish-grey greasepaint on his face to create a pale, undead look.

By 1941, Boris Karloff had virtually dropped out of sight as the Film World's number one menace and was not to appear to any important extent until 1945, except for an average of one film per year (in 1939 and 1940 he appeared in fourteen films; but 1943 doesn't even have one title to his credit—the first

Continued

Lunosi tries to recall whose brain is going into whose head in this scene from *GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN*. The brain-swapping gets so furious in this film that sometimes you can't tell the brains without a scorecard.





Lon and Bela in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN

time he had ever skipped in a career that had already spanned 22 years!). This "vacation" from films was understandable: —Karloff had racked up tremendous success in his first love, the stage, in ARSENIC & OLD LACE, and it was keeping him busy . . . and happy.

The field was now entirely clear for Lon Chaney Jr. and his star was on the rise as the screen's Top Horror Star. Judging from his publicity and billing as "The Screen's Monster Character Creator," 1943 was his peak year.

Around this time an incident occurred which serves to illustrate his public popularity, especially with the young. During the Quin Kids' visit to the Universal lot, a car drove past them containing a familiar passenger. Upon being informed "That was Lon Chaney in there!" the child prodigies chased the car until it stopped, followed by the star signing autographs for them. One eight-year-old intellectual interrupted with, "Really, Mr. Chaney—you're quite good looking. You don't scare me at all!"

Pleased with Chaney's success, Universal decided to launch a new film series by negotiating with Simon & Schuster pub-



Above, Lon and George Chaney, brother of Lon Sr. Lon's Uncle George, an antique dealer in Appleton, Calif., visited his nephew on the NORTH TO THE KLONDIKE set—the first time he had stepped onto a movie set since the death of his famous brother ten years earlier. Below, in GHOST OF FRANKENSTEIN, the Monster warns prosecuting attorney Ralph Bellamy that Raymond Burr is handling his defense.



lishing house, then noted for mystery novels which were then being popularly dramatized on radio on "The Inner Sanctum Show." After assembling a working script, production began immediately on the first of the INNER SANCTUM movie series. The initial offering, CALLING DR. DEATH, starred Chaney as Dr. Mark Steele, a neurologist who, following his wife's unvoiced murder, is subjected to the crueling suspicions of a police detective (J. Carroll Naish) and plagued by his own possible guilt. He solves his wife's murder by hypnosis. Using the stream-of-consciousness soundtrack, these low-budget, semi-radio style programmers were neat but slanted specifically for the who-dunnit fans. Unfortunately, Chaney was not used to the best advantage even though he was star of this series; Universal did not bother to publicize these inexpensive B-budgeters as it did with their ever more popular horror films.

(Part 4 and the conclusion of the Lon Chaney Jr. biography will appear in the next issue. Included will be a complete filmography giving titles and credits of Chaney's films to date.)

—Richard Bojarski



Above, Maria Ouspenskaya and Evelyn Ankers comfort Lon Chaney as Larry Talbot in THE WOLF MAN. Below, Larry engages in a little target practice at a gypsy carnival where he first encounters the dreaded lycanthropic strain. THE SON OF DRACULA (right) threatens Louise Allbritton.



FANTASY FEST

Scenes from films at the 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival:

Above, THIS ISLAND EARTH
Below, Oliver Reed becomes
Satan. And Field is THE DAMNED
(Columbia's entry as the Trieste
picture-winner).



Joseph Losey's *THE DAMNED* (with Oliver Reed and Vlora Lindfors) won the "Golden Asteroid" second annual Science Fiction Film Festival in Trieste, Italy, by capturing three-fourths of the critics' votes.

This English-made film has been on year now under the title *THESE ARE THE DAMNED*; perhaps the Trieste recognition will prompt Columbia to finally allow U.S. sf-film fans to see this anti-bomb vision by the director of the M remake (1951) and *THE BOY WITH GREEN HAIR* (1948).

Also at the Trieste Fest, producer Charles Schneer unveiled the British-made *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON* in its world premiere and commented on the loss of a sense of wonder when fantasy films are seen on television: "The motion picture screen recommends itself for the fantasy. The impact of science fiction films gets lost on the small tv screen. I, myself, won't ever allow my films to appear on television." (See "Frankenstein TV movie-guide" for CoF's own feelings on this subject.)

Continued

THIS ISLAND EARTH (1955)



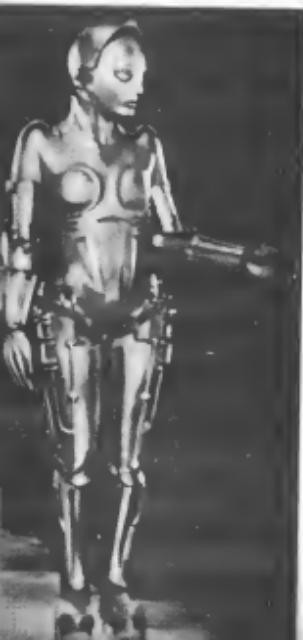


THE DAMNED, British winner! Above, reductive children. Left, Maudie and Shirley Ann Field examine sculptured rock. Right, Cary looks as if someone threw the rock at him. Left below, Fritz Lang's famous female robot from METROPOLIS. Below right, Lisel Jeffries and Charles Scherer who helped make him one of the FIRST MEN ON THE MOON. Beneath the two, a scene from the film which appears to be cut from American version; giant fungus penetrate on moon.



American entries were Byron Haskin's ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS and John Kral's TIME TRAVELERS. An A-I pic, Japan's ATTRAGON, featured in CoF's MOVIE NOOSEREL last issue, was given its first European screening and Romania was represented by FIRST STEPS TO THE MOON. Winner in the short subject category was a Czech entry titled POPLETENA PLANETA ("Upside-Down Planet") by Pavel Prochazka.

The fest was not confined, however, to recent films; a special retrospective of great science-fiction pictures ranged from Fritz Lang classics to the 1939 TOPPER TAKES A TRIP. The Lang pic, which won the famous METROPOLIS and WOMAN ON THE MOON, this special series looking back on a rich heritage of phantasmagoric film art included Abel Gance's END OF THE WORLD, G. W. Pabst's ATLANTIDE (which has been butchered in this country on FRACTURED FLICKERS), the horrific GODZILLA, Robert Wise's thought-provoking DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, Joseph Newman's THIS ISLAND EARTH, Georges Melies' 1902 VOYAGE TO THE MOON (well-known on these



TIME TRAVELERS



abores because it formed the prologue to AROUND THE WORLD IN EIGHTY DAYS) and the 1904 VOYAGE A TRAVERS L'IMPOSSIBLE by Méliès.

Hal Roach, a man not ordinarily associated with the field, was expected to attend a special tribute to his fantasy work, but a strike at the London airport changed his mind. The Roach films were seen nevertheless: INVENTOR BRICOLO (1914), THE HERITAGE OF BEAUTICRON (1935), ONE MILLION B.C. (1940). ONE MILLION B.C. was actually directed by D. W. Griffith—but his name does not appear on the credits because it was removed by Roach. Those in the know paid silent tribute to D. W. Griffith . . .

This year's fest proved even more exciting than the debut screenings last year. The CoF Travelguide recommends Trieste as the spot to vacation next July.

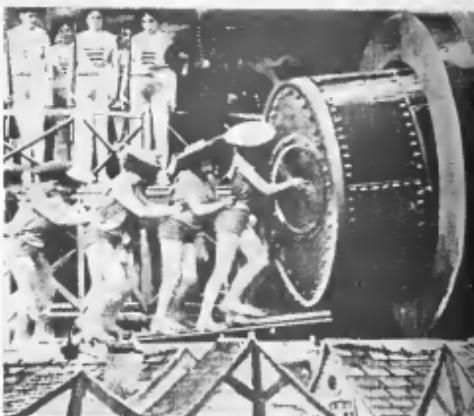
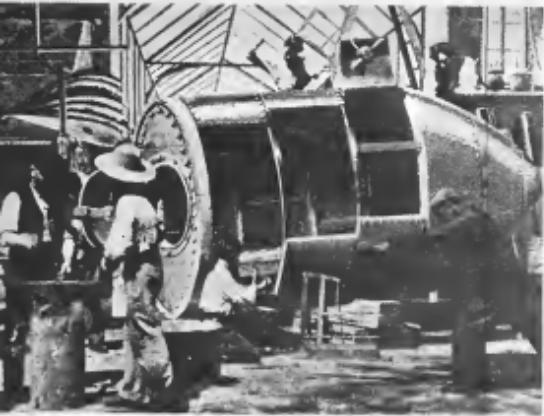
—Sheb



Patsie Neal comes from Gatt in the 1983 DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL (also above) screened recently at the Trieste fest. Miss Neal now lives in England with her husband, former actress Gerald Dohr.



Three scenes from Malle's 1962 VOYAGE TO THE MOON.



Oldies but Goodies

A hirsute William V. Mong stars as Satan in this 1929 version of *SEVEN FOOT-PRINTS TO SATAN*. He is seen (below) with Creighton Hale, Thelma Todd and an anonymous gorilla. Made at the start of the sound era, the film had no dialogue, but did have a synchronized music and sound effects track. Although A. Merritt, the author of *SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN*, was so unhappy with this first screen version of his book that he wept, these stills suggest such an unusual fantasy quality that American International has a remake in the works now.

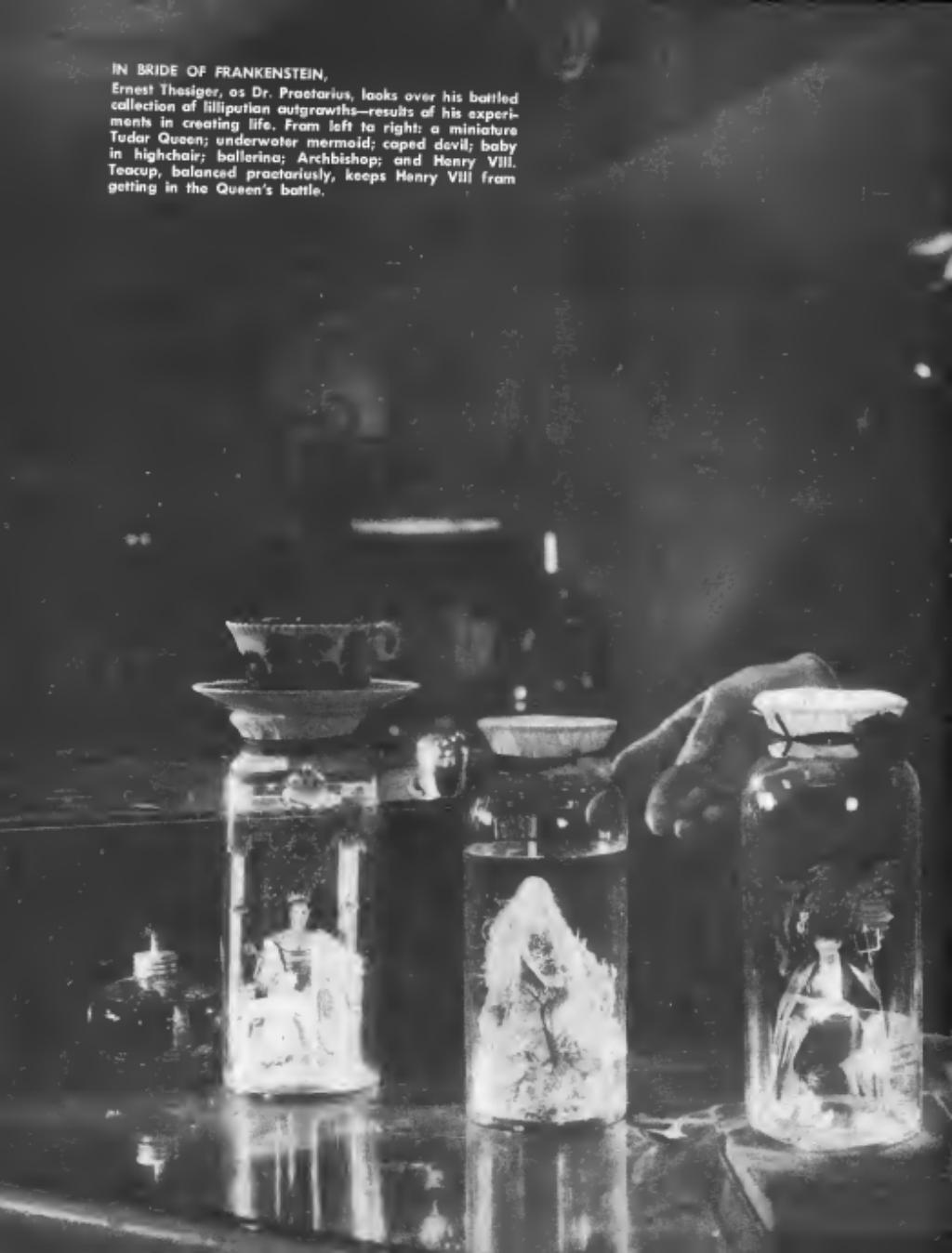


One of Lon Chaney's "thousand faces"—
in LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT (1927).



IN BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN,

Ernest Thesiger, as Dr. Praetorius, looks over his bottled collection of lilliputian outgrowths—results of his experiments in creating life. From left to right: a miniature Tudor Queen; underwater mermaid; caped devil; baby in highchair; ballerina; Archbishop; and Henry VIII. Teacup, balanced precariously, keeps Henry VIII from getting in the Queen's bottle.





Whale's Frankenstein Monster—Boris Karloff



Brzozinski's Frankenstein Monster—Ken Carroll



BR ZE ZI NS KI 'S



FRANKENSTEIN

FIRST FILMS FROM A FANTASTIC
FUTURE MONSTER MOVIE MAKER



The town of Riverside, California, may not be famous yet. But a few years from now it may be known to horror film addicts across the country as the place where Anthony Brzezinski started his film career.

Under the banner of Adventure Film Productions, Brzezinski and his fellow students have been making amateur films for the past five or six years. Starting out with short horror, adventure and comedy films, they have lately been concentrating on longer horror films only. Their films include: *AFTER THE BOMB*; *WHO GOES THERE?*; *THE UNREAL*; *CAPTAIN ATOM*; *CURSE OF DRACULA*; *AL CAPONE*; *BLACK INFERN*; and *THE MYSTERIOUS DR. JEKYLL*.

Featured on these pages is their professional-looking *HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN*, which, in Brzezinski's words, "deals with the great-grandson of Dr. Frankenstein who travels to Europe and uncovers the remains of the Frankenstein monster."

The film had a \$40 budget (mostly Brzezinski's money) and was shot in 8 mm with a cast and crew made up of students mostly from Riverside's Ramona High School. The cameraman, John Mate has photographed all of Adventure's films and is judged by Bra as being indispensable.

Tony Brzezinski feels that many of today's horror flicks are poor and merely create a sense of sickness. But unlike many who hold this opinion, 18 year old Tony is doing something about it. "We're trying to upgrade horror films," he says. "Some recent ones, such as the I-WAS-A-TEENAGE-MONSTER type have left a bad taste in the public's mouth. We're trying to hold down the blood and gore. Films can be made with taste and careful planning to psychologically attune modern audiences so that they will accept the bizarre elements in a film and view it as an imaginative work of art."

Tom's latest project is based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' Martian series, using animation to show the Tharks, thoids, hounds and Burroughs' other fabulous creatures in action.

Watch for more on Adventure Film Productions in our pages, including exclusive coverage on their realistic feature-length sound version of *DRACULA*!

—John Benson



The discovery of the Monster (above) in *HORRORS OF FRANKENSTEIN*. Below, two shots from Brzezinski's *BLACK INFERN*.



The monster rose from the deeps in 1926 to threaten May McAvoy and Ben Lyon in THE SAVAGE, a rarely seen silent produced by First National. The director was Fred Newmeyer.





Boris Karloff's dual Jekyll-Hyde role in ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE.

A HITCHCOCKTAIL PARTY

NBC and Universal Pictures sponsored a three-hour joint press conference with Alfred Hitchcock which CoF covered in hopes of confronting the elusive suspense genius with a few questions that have gone unanswered to date—mainly because no one ever asks them.

The Hitchcocktail party was held in a private screening room beneath New York's RCA Exhibition Hall where members of the New York press socialized at a buffet luncheon before meeting "Mister Suspense!" After searching hopefully over the bar for some Frankenstein Fruit Punch, your CoF reporter settled for a gin and tonic and carried it into the screening room where a tv console sat on the small platform stage. Meanwhile, across the street at NBC, a closed-circuit hookup was being readied. Hitchcock was in NBC in N.Y.—and the reporters were assembled at various NBC affiliates in Washington, Philadelphia, Chicago and Cleveland. (. . . and after the closed-circuit queries, he was to join us—at the flesh—at the Exhibition Hall.)

The lights dimmed. Suddenly, we heard the "Funeral March of the Marionette" and saw the familiar silhouette. There was Hitchcock, sitting on an antique throne-like chair; with his usual gallow's humor he commented that he was at a disadvantage: the reporters could see him, but he could only hear their voices.

The opening question from Washington concerned Hitchcock's method of completely designing a film on paper before shooting. He estimated that two-thirds of his own contribution to a script is made before the writer starts his initial draft and revealed that MARNIE had been worked out so carefully in advance that the editing was nearly completed one week after shooting was finished. Original film scripts are difficult to obtain, he noted, because writers are seldom willing to create scripts on speculation—so his staff, in the past year, read 2,400 novels to find 30 suitable ones. (Only two or three out of the 30 may ever reach the movie screens.)

A Washington reporter: "I understand 'Tipps' Hedren took typing lessons for her role in MARNIE. Who coached her in



On set of Hitchcock's THE JAR. Pat Buttram tells costar Cecile Wilkins and JAR author Ray Bradbury about his days with "Gene Artry."



Hitchcock named last season's Emmy-nominated production of *THE JAR* (left) as his favorite TV show. Joseph Cotten and Terese Wright (right) in *SHADOW OF A DOUBT* (1943), another personal favorite. While filming *SHADOW*, OF A DOUBT, Hitchcock, left, could be seen supervising. Below, right, Anthony Perkins in a stark and surreal scene from *PSYCHO* (1960), *Psycho*'s favorite Hitchcock film because it provided horror clichés—without being cliché.

safecracking?"

Hitchcock: "I did."

Even though Sean Connery co-starred in *MARNIE*, why has Hitchcock steered clear of James Bond-like detective heroes? "I've never dealt with whodunits. They're simply clever puzzles, aren't they? They're intellectual rather than emotional, and emotion is the only thing that keeps my audience interested. I prefer suspense rather than surprise—something the average man can identify with. The audience can't identify with detectives; they're not part of his everyday life. I would like to see a different kind of private-eye movie—one in which the private-eye appears disguised as a man. This could lead to a series of sequels. In fact, I have a great title for the first sequel in the series: *SON OF A NUN*." This brought a round of laughter from all five critics and a question from Chicago which Hitchcock answered by stating that he puts story and cast before production values and favors adaptations of novels rather than blown-up short stories. It's interesting to note, despite this statement, that *THE BIRDS* was based on a short story by Daphne du Maurier, and the film's strong est area was its production work.

Then a reporter came up with the famous Hitchcock quote about actors being children—or cattle—or puppets. He reaffirmed his position on this and illustrated the point with one of his favorite stories: A studio visitor looked in on a set where a motion picture was in progress. After watching the mad frenetic behavior of the actors scurrying about like ants, the visitor observed, "Look! They all think it's real!"

Do violent and sex-angled films weaken morals? "No. Violence for its own sake is not good—but, today, audiences are more mature, and the mental age of children is much higher than it used to be. Besides, they don't take it seriously—they know it's just a movie. Of course, there was that girl in San Francisco. Her father wrote me that after seeing *DIABOLIQUE* she wouldn't take a bath and after seeing *PSYCHO* she wouldn't take a shower . . . so I wrote him that he should send her to the dry cleaners."

Continued



PSYCHO





(1) Maestro Hitchcock mentally sets the theme for the performance he hopes to extract from Sean Connery on the set of *MARNIE*. (2) Inspired at last, Hitchcock gestures hypnotically at an invisible orchestra. From a distance one almost seems to hear the clash of Hitchcockian tympani and an ominous roll of huge kettle drums. And then . . . (3) "Moderato, moderato!" Maestro Hitchcock seems to be emphasizing, toning down lead brass and tympani, which fade out against a dirgelike earth-shattering Bachian organ fugue ("la mysterioso, of course). When, suddenly . . . (4) The Maestro of Suspense raises his arm, calling out for a climactic force—a tintinnabulation. As Hitchcock pulls out half a dozen emotional stops, the invisible symphony obeys his command in a triumphant finale by an Erician style choir. Beethoven, you are vindicated!

MARNIE was a stylistic return to the Hitchcock films of the Forties—pictures like *NOTORIOUS* (1946) and *SUSPICION* (1941) with Cary Grant and Jean Fontaine (below). Both *SUSPICION* and *MARNIE* deal with a recurrent Hitchcock theme: love that is based on—or completely transcends—inherent evil in one of the lovers. (In the proper ending of *SUSPICION*, which the Production Code unfortunately kept Hitchcock from shooting, Grant does kill Fontaine—and her love is so strong that she is willing to die as his victim.)

"In the opening scene of *PSYCHO*, by the way, I had a love scene between John Gavin and Janet Leigh which was fairly strong in content—because I thought young people today would react at it if it involved no more than an exchange of kisses." (This scene, however, required cuts before release in the U. S.)

The questioning moved to Philadelphia where *VARIETY* correspondent and Philadelphia Daily News entertainment editor Jerry Caghan asked the first question. (Caghan's daughter, Gloria, incidentally, was a well-known personality in science-fiction fan circles under the name Lee Therin.) Caghan's questions related to the problems of using an inexperienced actress like "Tippi" in a strong part. "Well, my heroines are always cool blondes, but the choice of 'Tippi' Hedren has much to do with her face. I believe in using faces to tell the story, not bodies. I don't believe in presenting a woman with all her sex hanging around in front of her like a lot of vulgar jewelry."

"But all of the actors in my films are well-informed when they walk on the set because of numerous pre-shooting conferences. I do very little rehearsing on the set."

Hitchcock never watches his films with an audience—doesn't he miss hearing them scream? "No, I can hear them when I'm making the picture."

How does Hitchcock maintain a fresh point of view and avoid usual Hollywood rut? "I have no friends who are actors or directors, and my wife and I spend as much time as possible away from Hollywood in our country home in Northern California." (Alma Reville Hitchcock, whom he married in 1926, collaborated on the screenplays of almost all Hitchcock films during the late Thirties and early Forties.)

Favorite mystery novelists? "I prefer writers with a sophisticated and literate

heat; I've always enjoyed murder by the babbling brook. . . . But writing styles have changed. Many years ago, I was having breakfast with H. G. Wells, and we discussed a possible film of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*. He felt the story had become dated, and I agreed. If I were to make a movie of *WAR OF THE WORLDS*, I would invent whole new methods of destruction."

TV electronics switched the scene to Cleveland—and a memorable quote: "I don't like costume pictures, because no one in a costume picture ever goes to the toilet."

The questioning ended with the standard TV-style sign-off, and the group at the Exhibition Hall's screening dungeon thinned out considerably. We took advantage of the wait by stocking up on another refill while Mr. Hitchcock crossed the street from NBC.

A round of applause as he entered the room. About 20 people were left for the final round—press people representing *TIME*, *LIFE*, *VARIETY*, *TV GUIDE*—and *CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN*. He settled himself in a chair facing us as flashbulbs popped and the questioning began again—this time getting down to more specific details and concepts.

French director Francois Truffaut, a man somewhat in awe of and considerably influenced by Hitchcock's filmmaking techniques, stayed with Hitchcock several weeks last year gathering material for a critical in-depth survey of all Hitchcock films—dating back to the silent films for which Hitchcock wrote titles in 1921. The English version of this book, titled "Conversations with Alfred Hitchcock," will be published next fall by Simon and Schuster; the double-threat Truffaut recently completed a tongue-in-cheek remake of the famous Greta Garbo spy story, *MATA HARI*, and a tale of adultery, *SOFT*



SKIN, which Truffaut calls his "most Hitchcockian" picture. What is Hitchcock's opinion of his number one fan's directorial work? "He wants to do too much at once; he hasn't found a style yet. Directors must develop a style that is both personal and universal at the same time."

Truffaut returns to the U. S. this summer to film FAHRENHEIT 451, Ray Bradbury's powerful depiction of a brainwashed society. "This will not be a comic strip science-fiction movie," says Truffaut. "It's a tale of the future . . . perhaps the not too distant future."

But why, we asked, has Hitchcock never been interested in doing science-fiction like his young Gallic protege? "It's difficult to get the audience involved in it. The subject matter is too far removed from reality."

Are there any remakes of earlier work other than the 1956 MAN WHO KNEW TOO MUCH? "No, that's the only one," he stated flatly. In 1963, he had cited NORTH BY NORTHWEST as "the American 39 STEPS," but perhaps he does not consider N.B.N.W. a legitimate remake.

But if he planned another remake, which film might he choose? The answer was THE LODGER—"A Story of the London Fog," the first film in which Hitchcock made a cameo appearance. This 1926 Jack the Ripper story is generally considered to be the best work of his pre-sound period, and he expressed a genuine affection for silent pictures by opining that "they represent the true art of the motion picture."

In THE LODGER, heavily influenced by German expressionistic films, he began to develop his ideas of "audience manipulation." Repetitive shots of hands gliding down railings, silhouettes leaning up in the fog, etc., built successively, creating suspenseful montages that made audiences feel the presence of the unseen Ripper.

It was now nearing the middle of the afternoon, and the session came to a close as Hitchcock made the first public announcement of his new projects. Currently, he's filming J. M. Barrie's play MARY ROSE, perhaps as a vehicle for Tippi. "It's a fantasy, and I don't really know what to do with it—it's so totally unlike anything I've ever done before. Some people look on it as a fairy tale, but I guess I shall treat it as a horror film—I've regarded PETER PAN as a horror story for years. After all, in MARY ROSE you have a pretty young girl who's been spirited away by pirates. When she returns—25 years later—still a comely young girl, she finds she has a paunchy middle-aged husband . . . What could be more horrible?"

After MARY ROSE he will tackle THREE HOSTAGES by John Beacham, the author of THE 39 STEPS. THREE HOSTAGES concerns a plan by the government to stage an all-out crackdown on organized crime. In retaliation, important gangsters conceive a counter-plan: they kidnap the three most important children in the country. Hitchcock's version will trace the hero's efforts to locate and protect the three children.

The flashbulbs were still popping as we collected our notes, returned the gin glass to the bar and exited into the bright afternoon sun. Walking down Broadway through Manhattan traffic for the thousandth time, we headed for a movie theater, thinking of the studio visitor who said, "Look! They all think it's real!" That anonymous soul didn't realize that they used to think it's real.

And, as filmgoers, so do we.

—Bob

THE GORGON





Over a hundred stations, coast to coast,
are currently airing the adventures of
Britt Reid, THE GREEN HORNET.

HORROR



NOSTALGIC REMEMBRANCES OF RADIO FANTASY — WHEN ALL A FAN NEEDED WAS AN ATWATER-KENT AND A HEALTHY IMAGINATION . . .

By BHOB STEWART

When we started the Frankenstein Radio-guide, it seemed likely to be a feature which might never reappear. Contention announcements over the past few years about a forthcoming revival of radio drama stirred long-dormant memories . . . but little interest. Even members of the "Nostalgic Generation" who gather in corners at cocktail parties to reminisce about Carlton E. Morse's *I LOVE A MYSTERY* (or Agnes Moorehead on *SUSPENSE*'s "Sorry, Wrong Number") or the semi-satiric ghost stories of *HERMIT'S CAVE* know that not all radio drama was as memorable as those rare flights of fantasy that have stayed with them through the years. Nostalgia is fine—but was *ESCAPE*'s "Leiningen vs. the Ants" really that believable? Was the radio version of *THE BIRDS* with Herbert Marshall really more terrifying than Hitchcock's visual approach? Do super-detectives *NICK CARTER* and *TOM MIX* warrant attention today—

"The weed of crime bears bitter fruit. Crime does not pay. *The Shadow* knows." An artist's conception of the true *Shadow* (about—quite different from the Hammer comic book character, Brett Morrison (below) is the best-remembered *Shadow* of the 1940s.



or have they found an appropriate resting place in limited-circulation fanzines like the nostalgic *RAADIOHERO* (edited by former *FANTASTIC MONSTERS OF THE FILMS* co-editor Jim Harmon) and *Don Glut's SHAZAM?*

Suddenly, in 1964, radio fantasy returned on a large scale. The questions can now be answered by each individual listener, from the adult with hazy childhood memories of fighting Richard Cornell's "Most Dangerous Game" on *INNER SANCTUM* while the big guys were fighting for higher stakes in Europe—to the teen-ager who grew up in the *CAPTAIN VIDEO* age, wondering what could have been so great about sf-terror tales without pictures.

Not only has NBC discovered that an audience exists for a possible revival of radio's best science-fiction series, *DIMENSION X* (see Co#4), but stations around the country are now airing *THE AVENGER*,
Continued

ON THE AIR



Henry "WEREWOLF OF LONDON" Hull (above left) lanced to sound mix as he performed on CBS' *SUSPENSE*. A harried Orson Welles (above right), medical treatment was required by scores of adults suffering from shock. Irae Jernay and Cliff Carpenter were famous as Terry on the popular radio serial version of *TERRY AND THE PIRATES*. Jernay can still "double" today, demonstrating the "double" technique for CBS. Jernay repeated the role of Terry in the 1950s motion picture, which was then re-titled *Terry and the Pirates*. Jernay established an all-time record by doing 50 shows in one week. Rare "radio still" (below left), passed on by Jernay, shows why Mohr was once held as a new Bogart.



Sir John Gielgud's *SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE HAUNTING HOUR, DANGEROUS ASSIGNMENT, THE SHADOW* ("In reality, The Shadow is Lamont Cranston, wealthy young man about town. Long ago in the Orient, Lamont Cranston learned a strange and mysterious secret—the hypnotic power to cloud men's minds so they cannot see him. The beautiful and lovely Margo Lane is the only person who knows to whom the voice of the invisible Shadow belongs"), *THE CLOCK . . .* that ticks off the seconds of suspense, *THE LONE RANGER* ("Who was that masked man anyway?"), the sting of *THE GREEN HORNET* and his faithful Filipino valet Kato ("He hunts the biggest of all game-public enemies that even G-men cannot reach") . . . and ultra-incredible "Stories of the Unusual" specially rewritten by radio's master fantasist, Arch *LIGHTS OUT* Oboler.

Oboler and the critically-acclaimed Norman Corwin are remembered as the two men who raised the standards of sightless drama after Orson Welles' revolutionary *MERCURY THEATER* turned radio into a serious dramatic medium. Two months after Welles' version of *WAR OF THE WORLDS* panicked America, (Oct. 30, 1938), Corwin gained his own brand of nationwide recognition—with "The Plot to Overthrow Christmas," a poetic fantasy heard Christmas Day, 1938, on Corwin's series, *WORLDS WITHOUT MUSIC*, later (March 7, 1940), the Columbia Workshop aired Corwin's "My Client, Curley," the now-famous tale of a unique dancing caterpillar. This radio fantasy gained such acclaim that Columbia Pictures starred Cary Grant in the 1944 film version, *ONCE UPON A TIME*.

What one wonders, has become of these people who created the adventures in sound that gained shape and form only in our mind? Where are they today?

Some like William Conrad—who once created sheer terror in "The Waxworks" on *SUSPENSE* by doing all the voices—have moved on to motion picture directing. (He's just finished a Henry Slesar suspense thriller titled *TWO ON A GUILLOTINE*—and included in the supporting cast are two actors well-known to any radio fan . . . Parley Baer and Virginia Gregg.)

Arch Oboler wrote and directed his own science-fiction movie, *FIVE* (1951), a significant end-of-the-world vision, using his own Frank Lloyd Wright-designed home as his main location site. In 1952, Oboler returned to audio-drama with *DROP DEAD!*, a semi-satiric LP of horror sketches, and recently, he announced plans of an all-new series of radio-fantasies.

Other radio alumni, like Ernest Kinoy who wrote both adaptations and originals for *DIMENSION X* and the follow-up series, *X MINUS ONE*, now work in television and on Broadway.

TV comedy actor Gale Gordon, anxious to play a villain again, is now reminding producers that he was the epitome of evil on the almost forgotten radio *STORIES FROM THE BLACK CHAMBER*. We also note sedily that Gordon's performances in the early Thirties as the original radio Flash Gordon go almost totally unremembered today.

Listen closely to Dick York's voice the next time you watch *BEWITCHED*. York, an established radio actor before the age of ten, was the youth who uttered the lines "Hey, Jack, I've got a plan!" as Billy Fairfield on the Forties' top afternoon serial, *JACK ARMSTRONG, THE ALL-AMERICAN CAN BOY*. York created such strong audience identification that youngsters across the country had no trouble whatsoever believing they were travelling to far-off lands with heroic Jack Armstrong. Don Herbert, "Mr. Wizard" on TV for the past 13 years, is a veteran of both *JACK ARMSTRONG* and one of radio's greatest super-heroes, *CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT*. Radio's top super-hero of all was, of course, *SUPERMAN*, and TV panel show MC Bud Collyer had the appropriate "voice of steel" to portray Superman on both the long-running daily serial and the later half-hour non-serial treatment.

(Pressure groups in the late Forties claimed that radio adventure serials were "making children nervous." The networks followed their suggestions, eliminated the cliff-hangers . . . and lost thousands of loyal fans. The switchover to half-hour complete episodes proved especially fatal to *SUPERMAN*—his super-strength, chal-



You may not recognize this face (above), but if you're older than 25, you'll never forget his voice. His name is Raymond Edward Johnson, and he created radio's best-remembered characterizations—"Raymond," host of INNER SANCTUM. Johnson's sardonic wit was enhanced by multiple personas, and his evil, causticizing voice and black-gelous horns to provide the listening public with an escape from the real-life terror of World War II. Above right, Raymond (R.E.J.) and Billie Reid (L) at ABC party celebrating the return of radio, with Paul (R.) and Louise McGrath. Paul McGrath opened INNER SANCTUM's original radio run in 1941, and he's still there, behind the TV version. In background, writer George Rovner (wearing beret) discusses THEATER FIVE's approach to science-fiction.



lenged daily in serial chapters, became his own undoing in the half-hour format; everyone knew he could vanquish all evil before the single-episode story reached the last commercial.)

But these are only a handful of the names that come flooding back as we go surfing over the airwaves of memory. What has become of sound effects wizards like Ed Blaney, of Paul McGrath, who took over the hosting job on INNER SANCTUM to voice radio's best-remembered horror figure—"Raymond"; of Brett Morrison who knew "what evil lurks in the heart of men" when he portrayed the invisible SHADOW; of Gertrude Warner, the beautiful and lovely Marge Lane; of creative behind-the-scenes producer-directors like Warren "Tales of Tomorrow" Sommerville and Ted "I Love a Mystery" Bell?

The talents above—and more from radio's fabulous fantasy age—are back at work creating an entirely new terror-mystery-suspense-scientific-fictional dramatic series heard on ABC radio affiliates across the country. Titled THEATER FIVE, the program is broadcast five nights a week, and each episode runs 25 minutes—with

Continued





stories ranging from far-out space opera to suspense dramas like Robert Coenedella's "Hit and Run." Other scripters include Richard McCracken, of author and playwright George Bamber and the prolific William Robison—who turned out dozens of SUSPENSE stories and also wrote for the CBS RADIO WORKSHOP, the highly imaginative "theater of the mind." Peabody Award-winning story editor Jack Wilson says, skeptically, "I was around during the so-called 'hey-day' of radio drama. The years tend to make the old days just a little bit more wonderful than they really were." Wilson, instead, is aiming for scripts with contemporary themes.

Arlene Blackburn and Vera Allen (above left) enter THE INNER SANCTUM. (Left, (l to r.) Bert "The Bear" Rosen, Mervyn LeRoy, Cliff Clark and Sten "Casper" Craven photographed—Cavorth staged a reunion recently on ABC's THEATRE FIVE. Below, two men equally recognizable to radio listeners—Edgar Bergen, whose telepathic feats created a radio sensation in 1948, and Boris Karloff. Our thanks to Dusegger for allowing us to print this personal photo from his scrapbook.

The ABC Symphony Orchestra supplies background music for each program in the series, and composer Alexander Vlas Otszenko devised a completely new original opening theme somewhat reminiscent of "Walk on the Wild Side." He calls it "Fifth Dimension"—and all of the editors here at the Gothic Castle, including beautiful CoF sorceress Catherine Bellincini, feel this would be a more appropriate title for the entire show.

Other semi-regulars in the cast line-ups include Joan Loring, one of the two actresses to ever play a romantic role opposite Peter Lorre (in THREE STRANGERS), Cliff Carpenter, fondly remembered as the voice of Terry on the radio version of TERRY AND THE PIRATES; Vickie Vela, the voice of Miss Miller on the radio MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY; Jackson Beck, radio's CISCO KID.

Norman Rose, featured previously in the CoF Radioguide, also gets into the act, not a "straight" voice on radio—with the possible exception of Orson Welles—ever managed to communicate the vast limits of the universe and man's imagination as Rose did on DIMENSION X. We always felt that his detours away from the melodramatic and his machine-like intonations made Rose the perfect choice for radio science-fiction.

Radio has always been fantasy's best showcase—from CHANOU THE MAGICIAN and Alonso Deen Cole's WITCH'S TALES in the Thirties to Edgar Rice Burrough's TARZAN in the early Fifties, inexpensive radio effects and dialogue could make the imagination soar in a way that cheap film matte-work and tabletop photography could not.

Beneath the bedcovers in a darkened room, we could put the receiver next to our pillow, tuckle close to its warmth—our faces glowing from the little kilocycle dial—and suddenly, we were walking the quiet dark streets outside with a familiar figure—THE WHISTLER. Even though he was a friend, we did feel slightly uneasy when we heard his footstomps, the strange tune he whistled . . . and the omniscient words he greeted us with each week on those darkened streetcorners: "I am the Whistler and I know many things for I walk by night. I know many secrets hidden in the hearts of men and women who have stepped into the shadows. I know the nameless terrors of which they dare not speak."

Even so, The Whistler was a personal friend, and he was a real friend—not like the stupid kids we played guns with. What did the kids we played guns with know about the strange confidences we shared with The Whistler—or the enchanted places we had been with our other radio friends?

On radio we went to incredible un-dreamed-of horizons. We went beneath the sea with Red Lantern to the LAND OF THE LOST, boarded night trains with THE MYSTERIOUS TRAVELER, blasted off with BUCK ROGERS ("in the 25th Century—er-ry!"), cavorted through fantastic childhood nevernever lands to the cry of LET'S PRETEND!, flew with SKY KING and CAPTAIN MIDNIGHT, fought outer space battles with the SPACE PATROL, helped LORENZO JONES build a rocket in his basement, visited Huxley's "Broke New World" on the CBS RADIO WORKSHOP, investigated the supernatural HOUSE OF MYSTERY, explored other planets in the future of 2000 PLUS and even went insane in SUSPENSE's "Yellow Room." Perhaps those days have returned.

Perhaps not.

—Bob Stewart



BOK

On April 11, 1964, Hannes Bok died of a heart attack. I considered myself a very close friend, yet after the initial shock of the news, I found to my surprise I could feel no grief. I could only consider the unstoppable perpetual motion Bok—the Hannes Bok that would always be at work on something: a painting, a mask, a novel, an astrological chart, letters to his crowd of friends and clients. You would watch him sitting still—he would still be in motion! This man—an epitome of the creative individual—anyone who knew him could hardly believe that the momentum of his wakefulness and vitality would not carry him past any slight obstacle such as death.

To pay an ordinary visit to Bok I would try to notify him a bit in advance of my coming. Bok never owned a phone and appreciated knowing approximately when his doorbell might ring, as he might be in the middle of a long steady brushstroke and the sudden sound might make his hand leap. After climbing a healthy five flights to his apartment and trying the bell, a round and happy white-haired man would open the door and let me in. The front room and the foyer were the whole of his living space. The walls were given to gravity-defying towers of orange crates, all painted by hand in colorful patterns, containing books and records. In the spaces between were mostly paintings by Bok and several by Jack Geaghan and Maxfield Parrish. Throughout his life, Bok doted on Parrish; he had carried on a correspondence and friendship since childhood with that great American illustrator. Parrish's influence is obvious in Bok's art, though the methods are used to much different ends.

Hanging with the paintings were a few odd-looking masks. Some had grotesque proboscises and goggling eyes, others had gnomelike faces, others had the noble high-cheekboned features and triangular faces of the familiar Bok hero and heroine. These were the paper strip masks he was working on; they were Bok illustrations in the round—Bok's own brand of sculpture.

Dominating all this was the desk, behind which would sit Hannes Bok.

While talking, he would continually reach into the drawers and bring out something to illustrate or add to his point. A toy, a dinosaur replica, a ledger with some ancient note written so small as to be just within the limits of human eyesight. He made his own sound effects; if he were to drop something on the floor he would exclaim "CLUNK!" Upon the desk were his astrological files containing the names, birthdays, and astrological analyses of friends, clients, famous people, and people of interesting types. The first two groups were confidential, for Bok had the integrity of a priest or psychoanalyst.

I have dwelt on his room so, only because like so many unique and creative people his room was a true projection of himself. To be in Bok's room was to be in Bok's brain. And this hermitage, like Bok, was a wonderful cell of bright colors and spontaneous peak action.

I spent much time talking with Hannes

Photo by
Martin Jukovsky.

Bok about movies. His taste ran to the spectacular, the fantastic, the colorful. On his list, the great film was *KING KONG*. To Bok though, *KONG* was more than a great film, it was what he called a "traumatic film." A "traumatic film" was one which children talked about for years afterward, perhaps—as with Bok—for the rest of their lives. Such a film would impress a child as a great event and could shape his tastes from then on. (*JASON AND THE ARGONAUTS* was the latest example Bok named of this kind of film.) Bok's first viewing of *KING KONG* was certainly a childhood trauma—equal to his discovery of Parekh at about the same time. Before *KING KONG* he had never heard any music of a serious nature; his parents had disapproved of music and forbade him playing any on the radio. *KONG*'s dramatic score by Max Steiner impressed him so that he sought out as much as could find of similar music. The search soon led him to the classics, but Bok never forgot Steiner. When Bok's television was working, he would try to catch any film with a Steiner score on the late movies. He eventually visited him

in Hollywood and then carried on a lengthy correspondence. His collection of Steiner recordings is practically complete—down to a transcription of the *KONG* score given him by Steiner on his visit.

By his own count, Bok had seen *KING KONG* at least fifty times. The most unusual showing he had been to was about twenty years ago in a Seattle skid-row movie house. He sat down to see the exalted film and—Wham-Bam! To his surprise, the film was over in about twenty minutes. To squeeze as many showings as possible into each day, the flea-trap theatre was showing just the first and last reels. Nonetheless, Bok enjoyed it immensely, for, after all, it was *KONG*.

Like most people who are at all interesting, he never gave up childhood things. To his last day he preserved an awe of the things about him, an obsession with the world of the senses. Fortunately for all, he had an easy time of translating his peculiar vision into visible form.

So far last, I'll end this memoir as Bok typically ended a letter,
"with which I sign off
with skranchmed bilipscrippens."

MARTIN JUKOVSKY

"Ying and Yang"—Bok's heretofore-never-published woodcut interpretation of the ancient Chinese symbol for good-evil.



CoF's capsule summary of the world of horror-fantasy and science-fiction motion pictures... here and abroad



Ray Bradbury's novel about the colonization of Mars, *THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES*, has been one of the hottest film properties going over the past decade, but anxious fans have never been able to determine why producers keep running scared from its poetic blend of realism paralleling U.S. colonization and allegory showing man's misuse of science. At last comes full details on Alan J. Pakula's production to be directed by Robert Mulligan.

It will be the most expensive picture ever made by Universal—topping the \$10,000,000 that Universal invested in Stanley Kubrick's *SPARTACUS!* Mulligan has Gregory Peck, who has a strong interest in the role, says his availability depends on completion of script and his schedule at time of production (fall of '65). Cinerama may be used, and, as Bradbury polishes his script, debate is still going on about the right way to handle the story. Should certain sections be passed over to leave material for a sequel? (Mulligan and Bradbury feel that there is enough outlined in book to make not one, but two, major films!) Should the film include the book's chapter that describes migration of Negroes from the South to Mars via rocket? . . . Two years ago MGM announced and then cancelled plans to film Bradbury's saga. (At the moment we can't verify the rumor that MGM's expensive *FORBIDDEN PLANET* was made in 1956 only as a test to see if the moviegoing public would fill theaters to see an even more expensive and more thought-provoking *MARTIAN CHRONICLES*, but this is the story that was in circulation a few years back!) . . . Before MGM held the property, Charles Lippert and his Broadway partner actually made the announcement that *CHRONICLES* would be done on Broadway as a musical comedy! . . . 20th-Century Fox has tight wraps on the story content of their new fantasy-titled *FANTASTIC VACATION*—but the title prompted us to do some detective work and we managed to find out just where the fantastic voyage leads. Director Richard Fleischer (who once glorified filmgoers in *20,000 LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA*) plans to take audiences into the interior of a human body! Strict secrecy now prevails on the Fox soundstages as massive models are constructed to resemble human girls. (We hope Fleischer will research this film by taking a look at *CORPS PROVOCATI*, a beautiful film shown unpoled recently at the New York Film Festival. Micro-size cameras and lights made a real trip through a human body—tunnelling into a world more awe-inspiring than another planet or the bottom of the sea!) . . .

Work has just begun on Martin Ritt's *SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD* which stars Richard Burton and Claire Bloom. Paul *GOLDINGER* Dehn has adapted the absorbing account of intrigue by John Le Carré (see Charles Collins' review in CoF #5), and Paramount will release . . . Karloff gets the last laugh in his *BIKINI BEACH* cameo appearance. His on-screen description of the teen dragoons and bikini-flesh peddlers as "monsters" couldn't have been more appropriate . . . Karloff turned up at the Dublin Drama Festival recently. No publicity, just enjoying himself . . .

George Pal has announced his upcoming schedule—an exciting line-up that includes a science-fiction classic, Olaf Stapledon's *ODD JOHN*, the story of *Home Sweetie*. Pal has started production on Philip Wylie's *DISAPPEARANCE*, and has two more fantasies in preparation: *THE POWER* (script adaptation by John Guy from Frank M. Robinson's novel of the same title) and *ARABIAN NIGHTS*. . . .

Our news on American International always take up several paragraphs each issue. Here we go. There's to be a double bill reissue of *THE HOUSE OF USHER* and *THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM*, to be followed by another Boris Karloff in *Poet's CITY IN THE SEA* (script by Charles Bennett), *Singing for HOUSE AT THE END OF THE WORLD* is a 900-year-old priory of Castle Acre in Norfolk, now London. A graveyard fell in and was ideal location for *Castles* (includes Vincent Price, newcomer Elizabeth Shueyler (in a dual role); John Westbrook, Derek Francis, Ronald Adam and Oliver Johnston; William M. Levy, sales supervisor for American International) says that "horror, per se, is greatest with reissues—in many places, in Europe, but the 'horror story taken from the classics'—and I speak now of such things as the Edgar Allan Poe era—seems to get a new audience." *COLOUR OUT OF SPACE* will be the 2nd of what we hope will be an equally long line of H. P. Lovecraft adaptations; *SCARLET FRIDAY* will star both Boris Karloff and Christopher Lee.

The devilish *7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN* gets the remake treatment. (See "Oldies but Goodies" in this issue for scores of the original *7 FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN* that inspired the AIP version.) Currently *GODZILLA VS. THE THING*, imported from Japan, and *THE LOST WORLD OF SINBAD*. Upcoming is from AIP: H. G. Wells' classic *PORRAN MAN, THE WARRIORS OF SPACE* and its Melchior's *HAUNTED PLANE*. . . .

Walt Disney, prompted by the success of *THE SWORD IN THE STONE*, has announced plans for more fantasy cartoons: both A. A. Milne's famous *WINNIE THE POOH* and Rudyard Kipling's *JUNGLE BOOK* will be done in feature-length animation; for the first time in years, Disney crews are working simultaneously on two animated films, and the all-Pushbear is expected to be ready later in '65. T. H. White, author of *THE SWORD IN THE STONE*, died of a heart ailment last January. . . . We also note, regrettably, the passing of long-time Hollywood director Norman Z. McLeod last January at the age of 88. McLeod will missed by fantasy fans who enjoyed his humorous fantasies such as the original *TOPPER* (with Cary Grant and Joan Blondell) and *THE SECRET LIFE OF WALTER MITTY* (with Boris Karloff and Danny Kaye). . . .

BLOBS producer Jack Harris is now making plans for *SON OF BLOB*. . . . Public relations man Jay Weston and scripter Andrew Wisberg have teamed up to make of movies on location in New York, Puerto Rico and the Bahamas. First four titles: *TARGET MINUS 46*, *THE MOON COMPLEX*, *SYNDROME* and *PANIC AT 1075*. . . .

The internationally acclaimed Terrible Ninfusa shows in Tokyo's roaring swashbuckler, *SAMURAI PIRATE*. It's a sort of Far Eastern *THIEF OF BAGDAD*.

Jack Pierce, famed for his Frankenstein monster makeup creation, has been doing the makeup for *Leaps Across an Author's LIFE* (ED SEDGWICK). Oddly enough, Pierce was Ames' makeup man in 1932 when Ames made his screen test for *MURDERS ON THE RUE MORGUE* (under the name Leon Ayres). . . . Ever wonder what happened to Don Hastings who played the role of the Video Image on *CAPTAIN VIDEO*? He's now Dr. Bob Hughes on the afternoon soap *AS THE WORLD TURNS*. . . . The Zimbalist Co. has started production on *TAFFY AND THE JUNGLE PRINCE* and *KING TYRANNOSAURUS* to be followed by *PLANET OF THE DAMNED BEAST FROM GREEN HELL*, a *KING SOLOMON'S MINES* remake, *WORLD OF THE HORRIBLES*, *RETURN TO THE LOST WORLD* and *SEA CREATURE*. . . . Actor Vic Lundin lost 35 pounds during the filming of *ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS*, and now Lundin's britches are falling down. . . . Franklin Ferry, director of the *LADYBUG* anti-bomb film, claims it flogged at the boxoffice because it's "the picture America wasn't ready for." Actually, everyone thought it was worth seeing. . . .

Ethel Barrymore Calt, daughter of distinguished actress Ethel Barrymore, recalls, "I especially remember Uncle John sitting me on his knee and, with his remarkable diction, reading me the thrilling adventures of *TARZAN THE AP MAN*." . . . John Huston, *GUNSMOKER*, writer, lives and works in Tarzana, California, where Edgar Rice Burroughs not only put the town on the map but also gave it a new name. . . . Calt recommends *MGM'S BIG PARADE OF COMEDY* for sequences of interest to fans of Burroughs and early horror films. Brief footage shows Ted Breining, famed ghoulish director of *FREAKS* and *THE UNHOLY THREE*, at work on his art. What this has to do with comedy we don't know, but we certainly enjoyed it. Interestingly, Robert Tonques also uncovered one of the best parades of *TARZAN* ever put on film for the *BIG PARADE* compilation. Made sometime in the thirties in the format of a "coming attraction" trailer, it features Jimmy Durante as Tarzan with topless Yolanda. "The Mexican Spitfire" or Jones. This is so much funnier than the recent Jack Benny-Carroll Burnett attempt at satirizing Tarzan that we're wondering why Benny even tried. Yet another Tarzan-like sort of is *TARZAN AND JANE REAGAINED*—sort of by avant-garde filmmaker Andy Warhol. This one has Taylor Mead (who once described himself as "the drag queen of Cinema '66") in the role of the Ape Man, with Noomi Levine as his mate(s). (Miss Levine was on display recently at the New York Film Festival in Warhol's *KISS*). This is probably the only Tarzan movie ever made where Tarzan and Jane share a bubble bath. . . . From Burroughs, it's only a short jump to H. Rider Haggard: Here's the cast of the *SHE* remake, now filming—Peter Cushing, Christopher Lee, Ursula Andress and Rosalind Monroes. The Haggard classic has been filmed three times previously, but this will be the first in color. By the way, it was *SHE* who made H. Rider Haggard. (Think about that one.) . . .



LATEST FILM NEWS

Nathan Juran, director of *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON*, is now at work on *MOON CALLING EARTH*. . . . Leni Riefenstahl, "talent coordinator" for ABC's *MISSING LINKS*, says that "Boris Karloff and the late Peter Lorre, despite their usual roles, were the most gentle and charming of men." . . . *BAKER STREET*, the Broadway musical adapted from *Sherlock Holmes*, is due to open February of '65 with Fritz Weaver as Holmes and Martin Gabel as Moriarty. CBS news writer Ron Bonn recently authored an article for the *Baker Street Journal*, publication of the Baker Street Irregulars. Thesis of Bonn's article is that Dr. Watson was really a master criminal. Based on evidence from the Doyle stories, Bonn links Watson with a German spy ring and proves him guilty of murdering his wife. . . .

Ian Fleming, famed James Bond creator, died of a heart attack on Aug. 12 in Canterbury, England. . . .

Hugo Grimaldi—producing and directing *THE HUMAN DUPLICATORS*. . . . The English-made *DEVILS OF DARKNESS* concerns a London antique shop that fronts a satanic cult. . . . Actor Chris Robinson, who has made guest appearances on most TV dramatic shows in the past three years, claims that he has modeled his professional life after Lon Chaney's idea of playing both heroes and heavies. . . .

The Quoté of the Month comes from Terry Moore: "To this day I get ribbed about one movie I did which makes me chuckle too. It was *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG*, in which I played the palour of a gigantic ape. For some reason I'm still wary of bananas to this day." . . . This startling revelation didn't faze Aeron C. Cooper, veteran producer of both *MIGHTY JOE YOUNG* and *KING KONG*. Cooper undertakes his first TV assignment next season with an hour-long adventure format. . . . Rod Serling has gone ape himself while writing the screenplay for a new sf shocker. Titled *PLANET OF THE APES*, it's based on a new novel by Pierre Boulle and shooting starts in February. Director is Blake "EXPERIMENT IN TERROR" Edwards.

Linden Chiles, who has made several appearances on Sterling's *TWILIGHT ZONE*, cut himself off completely from the outside world when he was 11 years old. He claims he began to think of himself as a "mad scientist" and converted his basement into a laboratory where he conducted scientific experiments. . . . Jacques-Yves Cousteau's *WORLD WITHOUT SUN* is a factual account of how human beings can and did live and work beneath the sea for a month without surfacing. . . . Herman Cohen's next are *HAUNTED JUNGLE* and *SCORPIO*, the latter in Wide Screen Color from Charles Williams' novel with locations in Florida and Jamaica. . . . A film was shot in Texas last summer; it's *THE DEMON FROM DEVIL'S LAKE* about a Noah's Ark-type space vehicle that crashed in Lake Texoma near Sherman, Tex. Space rays cause the animals, birds and reptiles aboard to merge together to form one single dozen which threatens the local populace—played by Texas talent, including an old friend Dave Heath whom we haven't seen since we bumped into him in 1959 in a Fort Worth bar. . . . *SPACE STATION X* stars William Leslie and Pamela Curran. . . .

Honor Blackman's got a gat in her garter in the British adventure-fantasy parody, *THE AVENGERS*. It can now be seen on Canadian television, but U.S. fans are still waiting hopefully to see this exciting series. (See CoF#7 for a review and pictures.) Kirk Morris (below right) looks like this after the treacherous Amok runs amuck in Embassy's *SEVEN REVENGES*.



Angie Girardot as THE APE WOMAN: "Once I read the script, I knew the part was for me." Wonder if William V. Mong felt the same way in 1929. (See page 33.)

SEI DONNE PER L'ASSASSINO has scenes that U.S. censors may not be able to bear.



In Terence Fisher's *HORROR OF IT ALL*, Andra Melly (left) recreates her striking vampire characterization seen in *Brides of Dracula*.



Shirley Eaton in *GOLDINGER*

In *THE EARTH DIES SCREAMING*, Dennis Price gives startling visual focus to Duddy Warbucks after witnessing Clark set his eyes



ON, KING

SEI DONNE PER L'ASSASSINO



Watch for a repeat of the NBC color special in which English actress Margaret Rutherford led viewers on an authentic ghost hunt through three of England's most haunted stately mansions. Miss Rutherford and TV crews went to spots where actual hauntings have occurred.

. . . *MISTERIA* is a 1965 MGM suspense shocker. . . . *LES ABBYSES* is called a "socio-horror" story by its American distributors. Concerns a couple of young maid-servants who die in their mistress' . . . Elena Verdugo, who appeared in *HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN*, can now be seen on *AUDREY ON THE PHIL SILVERS SHOW*. . . . Sandy Descher of the same show made her film debut in a movie fantasy, *IT GROWS ON TREES*. This Arthur Lubin comedy (See Coff #5), which concerned the problems of owning a money tree, has just been released to TV. . . . N. F. Simpson's play *ONE WAY PENDULUM*, another fantasy-comedy, has completed filming in London. . . . Arch "FIVE" Oberle plans to direct a picture in Japan from his own script. He's considering *THE BUBBLE*—which he describes as a mysterious story. . . . Emcee Jack Bailey did voice characterization in both *DUMBO* and *PINOCCHIO*. Disney's *CINDERELLA*, by the way, will be re-released in June of '65. Also in June, Disney's Merlin Jones returns in *THE MONKEY'S UNCLE*. . . . Joan Harrison, Hitchcock producer and longtime associate, was a student film critic for the Oxford University women's college newspaper. . . . There's quite a bit of reviving going on about a new Paramount pic called *CRACK IN THE WORLD*. Stars Diana Andrews, Janette "DAY OF THE TRIFIDS" Scott, Keiron Moore and Alexander "THE DAMNED" Knox, spent 10 grueling weeks on location in the Spanish Desert. Score is by Johnny Douglas. . . .

Last issue we reported that director Robert Aldrich had wound up location shooting on *HUSH, HUSH SWEET CHARLOTTE*, the *BABY JANE* follow-up. This was true, but as we went to press there was a startling series of developments: Joan Crawford had an attack of virus pneumonia, halting work on the film for the second time. Aldrich—losing money every day—flew to Paris and signed Olivia de Havilland for the part. All of those Crawford location scenes in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, will never be seen now; they've been completely reshoot with Miss de Havilland in Hollywood. There's no money left in the budget to return to Louisiana. . . . Horror queen Barbara Steele (of *BLACK SUNDAY*, *DR. HITCHCOCK* and *811*) has been seen recently in the company of Peter "LAWRENCE OF ARABIA" O'Toole. In fact, she was with him recently when he attacked Remo's paparazzi photog who only wanted a picture of the two together. . . . *SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS* was filmed in New York by director Nicholas Webster. . . .

Despite titles like *SANTA CLAUS CONQUERS THE MARTIANS* and *SON OF BLOB*, there does seem to be a new trend toward thought-provoking mature science-fiction and fantasy. Films like *FAILSAFE*, *CIRCUS OF DR. LAD* and *FIRST MEN IN THE MOON* show that there is plenty of room for intelligent science-fiction and fantasy in films. . . . But don't get me wrong: I love monsters.

—Bob Stewart



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

Vincent Price contracts the Red Death in American International's *MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH*. On this page are various scenes from the recent Edgar Allan Poe pic. On a day off from *Sister*, (above left) Jane Asher and Vincent paint a picture in *MASQUE*. (above right) Vincent Price and Alfred Hitchcock in *MASQUE OF THE MONSTER* tried to keep AIP from releasing *MASQUE*, charging that "substantial parts and portions" were plagiarized from his screenplay filled "Mask of the Red Death" which AIP had rejected. The Court decided in AIP's favor.

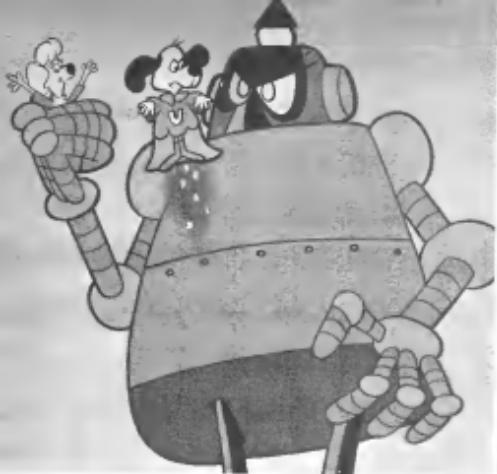


Cast

Prince Prospero	Vincent Price
Juliaca	Hector Elizondo
Fregeneira	Jane Asher
Clym	David Weston
Alfredo	Patrick Minges
Hop Tsel	John Lupton
Ludovica	Michael Green
Abelard the Red	John Westbrook
Sacerdote Escobar	Guy Brown
Senior Veronese	Julian Burton
Annie Marin	John Farrow
Scarletta	Paul Whiteman-Jones
Scarletta's Wife	Joan Lodge
Esmiranda	Vernon Gossallow
Lompredi	Ernest Headrick
Clitor	Harvey Holl

Screenplay by Charles Beaumont and R. Wright Campbell, adapted from "Hop Frog" and "The Masque of the Red Death" by Edgar Allan Poe. Produced and directed by Roger Corman. Running time: 80 min.





"Look—up in the sky! It's a bird! It's a plane! It's a frag! A frog?" Not It's UNDERDOG!!! With his cry of "There's no need to fear . . . UNDERDOG is here," the mighty super-hero fights a personal vendetta against evil. In reality, Underdog—Champion of Right—is Shoeshine Dog, a humble shoeshine dog. In reality, he is Wally Cox. The ideas and color animation are strange and wacky, reminding us of both Mill Gross and these nutty Hallmark cartoonists in Kansas. Mighty Mouse always took himself too seriously and his overconfidence was especially odious; we were happy to find that this isn't true of NBC-TV's Underdog. Also on the Saturday morning show is THE HUNTER, a funny reductio ad absurdum private-eye . . . a Mike Hammer-with-blinders-on who bumbles through his cases like Peter Sellers' Inspector Clouseau. If Kenny Delmar's voice for The Hunter sounds suspiciously like Warner Brothers' FOGLDRN LEGHDRN, it's only because Leghorn was based on Clagburn, the southern senator characterization that Delmar performed on Fred Allen's radio show of the Forties.



SCRAPING BOTTOM—

Producer Irwin Allen scrapes bottom with his TV version of *VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA*, based on his 1961 Fox motion picture. Series star Richard Basehart (above) plots underwater course with guest Eddie Albert. David Hedison and the crew of the *Seaview* prepare themselves for another cheap special effect.



Frankenstein TV guide

Scenes from the 1961 VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA made with Peter Lorre, Walter Pidgeon and John Fontaine.

LOSING WORLDS -

Even if VOYAGE TO THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA goes into drydock this season, Irwin Allen won't be worried. For the '65-'66 season he plans a TV version of THE LOST WORLD. Here are scenes from Allen's 1960 LOST WORLD (Fox). Footage from this motion picture was used recently on the VOYAGE TV show to cut costs.



THE LOST WORLD



FRANKENSTEIN

MOVIEGUIDE

A quick glance at current fantasy
and monster movies making
theatrical rounds . . .

Special recommendation
—no American distributor yet.

JOSEPH KILLIAN — (40m. — Czech Stars — 1964). Original title: "Order and Disorder." Kilkenny Czech. Fantasy. Old tale of a young even-tempered boy who, when everything is run by adults, Karol Vasek, Pavel Vacek.

LADY IN A CADE—(19m. — Fox — 1964). British overwittish but still witty, sleeker about obvioust women trapped in private elevator in her own home. Some scenes drive home the message, in today's world, when things don't. Tastily and sensibly presented. Olivia deHavilland, Anne Sothern, Jeff Corey are believable.

***ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS**—(109m. — Fox — 1964). Color, Techniscope. Regardless of what it sounds like, this is a moderately successful science-fiction reworking of Defoe's classic novel on Mars. After all, there are other planets, others of origins may find it, but even they will be surprised at what has been refined by writer/director, Bill Nichols. Paul Mantee, Vic Lundin, Allen Warchol.

STRANGER, THE—(39m. — AA — 1964). Victor Buono is good girl is this grade-B�etique. The Stranger kills two girls because he hated his mother. Psychologically sound but disastrously unconvincing. David McLean, Diane Sayer, Baynes Brown.

BLACK TORMENT, THE—(35m. — Col. — 1964). Color. Ossy British period mystery-horror melodrama. After his first wife kills herself, a lord renounces evil. He falls in love with a young woman, beauty and horror in the old family mansion. Mervyn Peake produced with an impeccable trick ending which pokes more than laughs chills. Millie Hillier, John Turner, Heather Small, Ann Lynn.

DISSOBOTS—(15m. — U.S. — 1964). Reissue. Cinemascope. Color. A good action-filled children's film. Wolf Ramsey, Kristine Hensen, Paul Lukather.

EAT, PRAY, SCREAMING, THE—(76m. — 20th-Fox — 1964). Tense, interesting little British suspense thriller begins well but finally runs down to impact. Humanity is wiped out by mysterious force of few survivors struggle to stay alive to fight off hordes of mutated, mindless robots. Directed by Terence Fisher. Wilfred Parker, Virginia Field, Dennis Price, Thelma Walker.

IT HAPPENED HERE—(99m. — Roth — 1964). Unusual and interesting. A German film that attempts to show what might have happened if the Nazis had occupied England during WWII. Based to my knowledge, but exciting and moving. Fionne Murray, Sebastian Shaw, Steele Bernard.

KISSES FOR MY PRESIDENT—(113m. — WB — 1964). Long, dull, but necessarily interesting about the first women to run for president. Judy Garland, Debbie Reynolds, Fred MacMurray, Robert Alda.

JOHN GOLDFAIR, PLEASE COME HOME—(25m. — 20th-Fox — 1964). Cinemascope, Color. Clever but overdone comedy fable with some good moments. A U.S. pilot comes down from the weirdly mysterious country Little Wonderland. Well produced, acted, but lack of international diplomacy did not come off and direction is a bit too stiff. Tom Helmore, Richard Crenna, Peter Ustinov, Jim Backus.

GOODBYE CHARLIE—(117m. — 20th-Fox — 1964) Cinemascope, Color. Tedious, tasteless and very funny film version of George Axelrod's 1960 Broadway hit. Melvyn Douglas is a glib and reincarnated or Debbie Reynolds, giving rise to the thought that with a pretense like this, this might have made a good horror picture. Tom Helmore, Richard Crenna, Peter Ustinov, Jim Backus.

FAJAHNA—(120m. — Al — 1964). ParaVision, Color. Sick, horridities. Terrible. Stylized, comedy. Teenage Morton lends on Earth scathing warning to invading investors. An insure and unpredictable. All looks like a bad movie effusion, with more budget and even less sense. Only pros like Buster Keaton, Elia Kazan, James Cagney, Harvey Lombeck and Dorothy Lamour can pull off well among an unfeeling teenage cast.

BLOF, THE—(82m. — Paramount — 1960). Re-issue. Color. Stalwart aimed at teenagers, comes out gross and tasteless, gets plenty of laughs from space roosted by high school students who are duchies and snobities. Steve McQueen, Andre Conrad.

CASEY, OH SPYING—(87m. — Amalg. Government — 1964). Wacky British spoof of U.S.'s James Bond series. 3 idiot spies and their editor are recruited by agents of STECHUM, organization run by the old Dr. Crow, who's part man, part woman. Nothing hilarious, but bright fun. Kenneth Williams, Bernard Cribbins, Barbara Windsor.

CURSE OF THE MUMMY'S TOMB—(100m. — Hammer — Col. — 1964). Color, Techniscope. Another Hammer disaster, but this time it's not the routine gags & Mummy fix. Not a sequel to *The Curse of the Mummy's Tomb* but simply a static predictable potboiler with giddy Egyptian backdrops. Not as good as the original series but saves without plot. Good performances by Terence Morgan, Fred Clark, Ronald Howard.

DO YOU LIKE WIDMUTH?—(92m. — Kolossal — 1964). Ghoulish French "funnily not" about cannibalism. Funnier than it is repulsive, reminiscent as farce for gruesome delight. Funny, but not as effective as Hitchcock's "Specially of the House" episode. Edwige Fenech, Guy Bedos, Simone Signoret.

FIERST MEN IN THIS MOON—(102m. — Col. — 1964). Color, Dynascope, Panavision. Schaefer & Harryhausen have come up with first-rate sf-fantasy; their best since *7th Voyage of Sinbad*. Action, adventure and fun. Based on H. G. Wells' novel, US astronauts are sent to the moon to uncover assassin who reveals previous trip in 1969. Tastfully produced though and sage as ever. Schaefer, Harryhausen, Martin Rippy, Genevieve Bujold.

***LADYBIRD LADYBIRD**—(81m. — AA — 1964). Fantasy based on real-life legend which happened during '32 Cuban crisis. Nuclear device bell rings in isolated eschewing school and children are exposed to radiation. Some effort. Those who can overlook some major flaws will discover a few frightening bits in the little drama. Christopher Howard, Shirley Rogers, Doug Chester, John Mills.

MARY POPPINS—(140m. — Euston Vista — 1964). Color. After numerous recent failures, the Disney factory turns out a throwback to wonderland days of *Fantasia*. Easily made fantasy-musical comedy. The songs are good, the dancing is good, the English governess who makes magic of two young charges into a world of dreams. Kayeade is inopportunely result in establishing, I think, that she's a bit of a diva. Colleen Moore, Julie Andrews, Dick Van Dyke, Glynis Johns, Shirley Bassey, Repulse Overton.

MOLE PEOPLE, THE—(78m. — Universal— 1960). Re-issue. Grade E adventure-fantasy for juvenile consumption; explores disease lost underground due to nuclear explosion, monstrous slaves (they're really nice, folks), and mole people. Typical of 1960s kid-friendly programmers. John Agar, Hugh Beaumont, Alan Napier, Cynthia French.

SEARCH ON A WET AFTERNOON—(121m. — Euston — 1964). Color. Another juvenile British psychological-horror melodrama. Eric Stanley excellent as amateur who investigates his childhood home that's proven to be haunted and acts out his fears. John Carson, John Levene, Constance Cummings, Peter Cushing, Peter Graves, Patrick McGoohan.

***SILENCE**, THE—(93m. — Janus — 1964). Ingmar Bergman's contribution to the hideousness of men. Brilliantly atmospheric, but horrifically ugly and repulsive. Two women and one boy isolated in a strange country in a dark, silent world. Utterly bleak, filled with erotic symbolism. Not for general taste, but memorable and disturbing. Ingmar Bergman, Gunnarsson, Jurgen Lindström.

TARANTULA—(90m. — Universal — 1955). Re-issue. Color. One of the most repellent films, the best of the giant-killer class. The horrific, well-produced John Arnold direction. Scientist (Lee G. Corrall) invents growth serum which causes tarantulas to grow to enormous number of teen boys. John Agar, Helen Cherry.

2000 MANIACS—(86m. — See Optic — 1964). Color. Unbelievable, incredibly sickistic bloodbath. A-grade shocker by producer of "Blood Feast." Audiences were appalled, fascinated by Northern troops during the Civil War. Bodies partes by mutilating visiting Northerners. Color cameras dwell lovingly on torn flesh, mangled horses and mangled grade-C horror. All set against a backdrop because film has something to say and has Thomas Waits.

LAST MAN ON EARTH, THE—(86m. — Assoc. Prod. Al — 1964). Cinemascope, Color, only occasionally effective. Richard Matheson's re-production of Richard Matheson's 1951 "I Am Legend." Cerebral, hasty production but full of suspense. The last man is scientist who fights mighty battles with vampire creatures, including the last survivor of all life on Earth worldwide plague. Anticipated for a day, the film is sedily disappointing. Matheson's superb little novel had the meat for the most frightening flick ever. Vincent Price, Francis Betteille, Terence Deneau.

***TRIAL, THE**—(118m. — Brillant, terrifying excursion into a nightmare, the world of *Requiem for a Heavyweight*. Author of the modern classic upon which the Oscar winner was based. Fantastic, beautifully macabre, photography, profoundly symbolic story. One of the greatest films ever made. Filmed in France, Switzerland, Germany, Austria, Schneider, Jeanne Moreau, Alain Delon, Orson Welles.

***FAUST**—(121m. — DeTele — 1963). Well made production of famed German tragedy play about man who loses his soul in quest for knowledge. Set in 19th century Paris. With Genevieve Bujold, Will Geer, Odile Cravel, Georges Lautner.

***FAIL-SAFE**—(111m. — Col. — 1964). Storyline based on Buckle-Wheelie best-seller. American bombers accidentally directed to fly over Soviet Union and bomb Moscow. Scientifically plausible, dire warning message about mankind and machine control. Excellent cast: Henry Fonda, Dean O'Gorman, Walter Matthau, Fred Wepper, Nancy Berk, Frank Overton.

GODZILLA VS THE THING—(100m. — Toho-Amer. Int'l. — 1964). ColorScope. Tastefully treated Japanese of *Godzilla*. Thing turns out to be Toho's *Mothra* in costume version, since half of film is stock that from original *Mothra* and other *Mospea* disasters, with much processed to ride on reputation of the 1951 *EXO* classic. After all, who else seems to use *Godzilla* & *Mothra*? You'll be impressed.

HORROR IF IT ALL, THE—(75m. — 20th-Fox — 1964). A feature-length clunker. Four little British comedy(?)-mystery with Pat Boone tracking his dead wife's killer. Awarded an Academy Award for best original score by *Old Dark House*'s Bernard Herrmann. Trivia: Boone's dog was played by the usually competent Terence Fisher. Eric Seeger, Dennis Fiske, Valentines Arthurs, O'Connell, Kesson, Wynn.

WITCHCRAFT—(80m. — 20th-Fox — 1964). Some good low-key photography plus finely climax do not detract from the poor script and lack of atmosphere in this British exploitation melodrama. A 300-year-old with returns to life when descendants level an ancient English grave. Stars: Brian Keith, Barbara Bain, Ursula Andress, Cloris Leachman, Christopher Lee, Dennis O'Keefe, Kesson, Wynn.

***APE WOMAN, THE**—(100m. — Champion-Erosbury — 1964). Little depressing London fantasy drama. English girl (Audrey Hepburn) is captured and is covered with hair, exists here on a tree, but comes to love her. Ending is harsh, powerful, but has been cut off for American release & a new ending has been added. Ugo Tognazzi, Anna Gavalda, Linda Felice.

BLOOD FEAST—(58m. — Soa-Office Spectaculars — 1964). Color. Thoroughly revolting, instant grade-Z horror galore. Moldy bones tries to return life to Egypt. Love Godwin tries to keep the bones dry and droopy activists of pretty girls. You won't believe it until you see it. Looks like another right of the bunch dealer. Slimy stomachs only. *Curse of the Blood* (from *FLAYDEY* series). Thomas Wood, Scott Arnold.

FLESH EATERS, THE—(192m. — CDA — 1964). Another low grade nastifier-on-the-retrope bore, this time it's an exciting, contrabandish horror which is not as bad as the first. It's still revolting. You may never want to eat again after this senseless stench-fest in over. Martin Kosleck, Barbara Wilson, Byron Simonds.

GOLDSMITH—(115m. — Monogram — 1964). Refreshing, but not great. Film noir set in a small town in Chicago lake and becomes involved in alternately dramatic and hilarious incidents. Excellent photography. Lou Gilbert, Eddie Anderson, Tom Powers.

***HANDS OF ORLAC**, THE—(77m. — Briton-Cast — 1963). British remake of the horror classic has been shrunk of 38 minutes for American release and it shows. But catch it anyway. It's a good show, well acted. See review of *COFFIN*. Mel Ferrer, Daisy Control, Christopher Lee.

The National Association of Broadcasters has warned TV stations to beware of the following films.

BLOOD FEAST: "A release of complete and total insanity," brutally stupid in Color which leaves patients should beware of all costs, says the NAB.

FLESH EATERS: An reviewer says: "If you can't stand the sight of flesh being sliced off a woman's body, please don't see this movie." A scene from the picture follows: "In an effort to save a woman who is drowning in water, something is inside her . . .

"One of these films got the full cover-story treatment from our *Associated Press* 8 pages plus easier, in fact. Makes you wonder what standards of criticism they have over there."

—Joe Dante—

GHOSTAL MAVL

FROM ALAN DODD

It is rather heartwarming that CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN does not insult the intelligence of its readers by writing down to them, though I have been told the magazines that do "juvenilez" themselves receive a larger circulation or a reward. I hope that isn't the case. It seems a terrible indictment of people's taste if it is so.

Nicholas Morgan's comments on the Frankenstein Monster of EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN ("another scene proving that the monster could make a fortune from wrestling") are far more accurate than even he might believe. Ernie "Kiwil" Kingston who plays the monster is, in fact, a professional wrestler from New Zealand who has wrestled here for many years. I've often seen his tall roundbodied frame in rings here but never visualized him as the Frankenstein Monster. Like Morgan, I'm grateful for the original Universal monster myself; unfortunately, they have him copyrighted which is why Hammer's makeup man, Roy Ashton, is unable to present an authentic monster as we know him.

William K. Everson's PETER LORRE STORY is one of the most effective tributes ever paid on artist. I remember very well his vaudeville appearances here in the 1920's at the Wood Green Empire when he did, twice nightly, his MAN WITH THE HEAD OF GLASS who believed people could see into his mind. At the same theatre a short while afterward, Bela Lugosi appeared in his stage play of DRACULA—also twice nightly. The theatre was, incidentally, the one in which magician Chung Ling Soo was killed while performing the "Catching the Bullet" trick in the early part of the century. Now, of course, the place is a TV studio, with, no doubt, more than its fair share of ghosts. Alan Dodd, 77 Stanstead Rd., Hoddesdon, Herts, England.

The Rumer of the Month has it that Kingston's next movie is SON OF HERCULES WRESTLES FRANKENSTEIN. Two falls out of three and the winner takes all. Gordon Scott.—Editor



PRaise & CRITIQUE

I was shocked by your magazine. I bought #5 and discovered an intelligently written monster magazine—the most unlikely mutation considering other mags in the same genre. All the articles were well written; the E. R. Burroughs illustrations were worth the price alone. I have but two corrections to offer. On page 45 of Cat#5, the author writes: "Kafka's puzzled hero metamorphosed into a caterpillar." In Kafka's "Metamorphosis," the hero became a beetle. [Actually, Kafka's character turned into a cockroach. You must be thinking of King Lear.—Ed.] Also on page 39 the author fails to mention the terrifying Witches in E. R. Burroughs' *The Land That Time Forgot*. There are no such creatures in this book. Furthermore, the hero of this book is Bowen J. Tyler Jr., not, as the author calls him, "Bleeding." But these mistakes are minor and do not subtract from the quality of the rest of the issue. I am looking forward to another great issue. Gus Wiedemann, 28 Dietz Court, Kingston, N.Y.

WANTS WANTS

Your Movieguide is a great idea—give it the maximum amount of space possible. Your Peter Lorre memoriam and biography were excellently written (the bibliography very useful). The review of Evil of Frankenstein was also quite good. I especially appreciate your critical comments and reviews; they are among your many policies that set you above all other publications of your genre. The double-page still from Ghost of Frankenstein was a great shot; it was almost worth missing the installment of Cheney Jr.'s bio for it. The Jean Cocteau article, very good, bringing to light an aspect of fantasy in film probably not too widely known in this country. All the "Inside Frankenstein" departments were as well-written, useful, and entertaining as always. "Movie Reviews" is a nice addition. I much appreciate your coverage of fannomes and clubs; if possible, please expand this. [This depends mostly upon amount of news, material and coverage sent in to us.—Ed.] I am also greatly in favor of the want ads. I do like the new type size used in Ghostal Mav'l for the reason that more can be included. Overall the atmosphere of your magazine is put over much better than that of any of your rivals, and your writing is of a much better quality; it is stimulating reading—keep it up. Please have more coverage of TV fantasy; this is a field which seems generally ignored. The news of your going bi-monthly, the best of luck. Jeff Day, Box 104, Oak Harbor, Ohio, 43449.

* * * Thanks, we could use some because if you were "ecstatic" over our "news" that we were "going bi-monthly," we became delirious, indeed momentarily half-witted after seeing it in print (one and all shall kindly refrain from making obviously facetious remarks at this point!). But keep your eyes open for our new companion magazine, THE HORROR MOVIES!—Editor

Continued

Baron von Bungle



BY RICHARD BOJARSKI



Left, cover of a Spanish horror comic book with a Frankenstein-styled story. In his attempts to gain the knowledge of eternal life, a doctor runs afoul of the law and is guillotined for his misdeeds. His colleague gains legal permission to retrieve the severed head and corpse immediately after the execution. Wasting no time, he joins the head and body, but his crude attempts at restoration produce a twisted Frankenstein-like monster.

A STRANGE FAN

I disagree with the staff of CoF completely! Last issue in the article **EVE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, you called **FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLFMAN, SON OF DRACULA, AND HOUSE OF FRANKENSTEIN** "Weak!" Well, I'm sure many other Karloff, Lugosi, Chaney, Corriveau and Strange fans agree with me that these films were EXCELLENT! Kent Rapetez, 6341 N. Avon, San Gabriel, Calif.

CoF/EC FAN ADDICT

Your mag outclasses most others of the type because it has more reading material. The others are usually 50% pictures, 33% eds., and the rest is filled in by short articles. With the small type used in CoF, you have the pictures, eds. and reading material! Also, I like your serious attitude about these movies; if I want comedy, I'll read MAD. Your cover was something! Ivie gets better all the time; his interior ERS pics prove that. I didn't go too much for the ERS article as I felt it was poorly written with not enough info or comments. However, the artwork was excellent! Crandall's fullpage for GIANTS OF MARS was masterful . . . the best art I've seen since . . . well, since the days of EC comics! Remember them? [You bet we do, Larry! In fact, they've been our inspiration to try to improve the monster mag field on EC did with comic books in the fifties. For you youngsters who don't remember the EC Comics, we suggest the new Bellstone paperback reprint TALES FROM THE CRYPT, first of a series of the best from EC. After you read it, let us know if you'd like CoF to tell the behind-the-scenes history of the greatest line of horror and suspense comics ever published: TALES FROM THE CRYPT, VAULT OF HORROR, HAUNT OF FEAR, CRIME SUSPENSESTORIES, SHOCK SUSPENSESTORIES, WEIRD SCIENCE and WEIRD FANTASY. No superhero or horror comic magazine today can equal the pre-code EC Comics for richness, thrills, humor and quality of art and writing.—Ed.] Your book review column is always interesting and has led me to find some very exciting reading that I might have otherwise missed. I hope you continue it and also hope that you will lengthen your letter column. [Now that we've done so, let's hear from you fans who see so many movies you don't have time to write.—Ed] I like the idea of running people's wants in the column; maybe this feature could be expanded to a full page? [Perhaps—Ed] Since the sf mags dropped this feature some years back, getting new blood into the various fandoms has been a problem. [We've always found getting new blood to be a problem.—Ed] Four radio shows are currently being run by a local station much to the delight of fans in this area. 'Tis a real joy to hear once again that eerie laugh of THE SHADOW, the buzz of THE GREEN HORNET and the roar of THE LONE RANGER's steplike looks. Radio drama is back in a big way! Larry Herndon, 1830 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas, 75006.

* * * Let us know your reaction to HORROR ON THE AIR on page 44 of this issue.—Editor

LYNCH PARTY

I just saw my first copy of FRANK'S CASTLE today. CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN is an interesting title—but how long can you go on writing about Frankenstein? [Please—no embarrassing questions.—Ed.] CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN sounds like a good name for a drive-in restaurant. Have the restaurant shaped like a castle and carports with greased down hair, safety shapes and a belt through their necks. The specialty of the house would be a hot dog with mustard, relish, onions, chicken, all the trimmings, which would be called a Frankenfurther. [Also on the menu would be Hamburgaster with Dwight Frits, Braces and Eggs, James Whale Steak and Oysters on the Half Shellley. And don't you think the waitresses should all wear gypsy costumes with badges identifying them as Karloffhops?—Ed.] Well, back to the mag. I only bought it because I saw the names of Larry Ivie and Bob Stewart,

Last issue, for design purposes, we ran Reed Crandall's illustration for JOHN CARTER OF MARS in negative. Several readers requested a chance to see it in regular black-and-white, so here it is. This illustration and the others accompanying Dick Lupoff's article (with the exception of three Larry Ivie drawings) are copyright by the estate of Edgar Rice Burroughs, Inc. Also of interest: the drawing below was pencilled by Al Williamson, ghost artist of the RIP KIRBY comic strip.





Poster art from Fairway-International's IN-CREDIBLY STRANGE CREATURES WHO STOPPED LIVING AND BECAME MIXED UP ZOMBIES. A few more movies with titles like that and we'll start giving the running time of the times, below, an artfully done still from THE THRILL KILLERS, a new film by Fairway-International. Here Cash Flogg as Mort "Mad Dog" Click slays Erna Enyo. Ron Haydock, former editor of FANTASTIC MONSTERS OF FILMLAND, appears in THE THRILL KILLERS under his professional name Lonnie Lord.



Ron Haydock





YA GOTTA HAVE CLASS

An overall look at issue #5 shows what I have suspected: that you are trying—and largely succeeding—to be the "class magazine" in your field. There are still remnants of your earlier more juvenile style; for instance, calling the preview section MOVIE NOOSEREEL, permitting the managing editor and the book critic (who does a good job) to hide behind silly pseudonyms; calling your letter section GHOSTAL MAIL, etc. I can only hope—and expect—that these will vanish with time. [Well, they're getting smaller, anyway—Ed.] I like your listing and briefly reviewing of current creature features, but I think that this department has several notable flaws. For one thing, you didn't update enough between issue #4 and #5, leaving in many pictures that have vanished from first and even second-run screens. Also, there seem to be several levels of criticism, one which says ASSESSMENT: OUTER SPACE had good special effects (to Walt Disney plastic model and table-top sets? Oh, come now!), and another level which can encompass THE TRIAL with apprehension. I particularly disagree with your review of THE EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN. I don't think it was as bad as you say. Granted, it was not up to the level that Hammer has shown himself to be capable of in the past. However, the acting by Cushing was as good as ever, and better than in REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN. And, as you say, the color is always fine. One shot, though extremely brief, impressed me very much when Hells and the Baron round the mountain in the search for the deaf girl, the light that strikes the lens is exactly the right sort of light. Kielo Kingston, though no Lee or Karloff, did all right as far as his role went. One can tell from the stills alone that Hammer has not yet lost one of its major plus factors: his fine cinematography. All scenes were expertly posed and arranged, as well as some that have been done in the horror films I have seen (with the notable exception of THE BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN). I realize the way the electrical equipment behaved, even though it is what you said, the parlor flavor was missing. Still and all, I suppose it has to be judged as primarily a failure. What really disappointed me was that it wasn't a sequel to something, or I was hoping to see what became of a Doctor Frankenstein who has become his own monster, which is where REVENGE OF FRANKENSTEIN left him.

The bit on Karloff's British TV show was a waste of space, as a nearly identical article had already appeared elsewhere. However, the fifty-year-span inside front and back covers on Karloff were excellent. I had never seen either of those shots previously.

The Cocteau article was wonderful; all my friends highly appreciated it. I never expected to see anything like a series (if somewhat shallow) treatment of true art films in any monster movie magazine. Cocteau had a way with the photography of a film never duplicated or even approached elsewhere. You cannot receive too much praise for even attempting such an article. On page 43 you published a still so startling in visual components that, except for who the figure was, one might have assumed it was from a Cocteau film. There are a few other scenes of equal quality in the Frankenstein series, notably the one in EBBLE where the villagers raise him up on the pole to take to jail—the scene is remarkably like a crucifixion, and deliberately so, I believe. Your TV reviews occupied too much space. One group shot of the Addams family would have sufficed. Where were the Munsters? [See page 6 of this issue.—Ed.] Bill Warren, 1840 Agate, Apt. 8, Eugene, Oregon.

We're happy to see, Bill, that you share our belief that art has as much right to exist in Frankenstein films as it does in Cocteau's work. We also acknowledge the Pop Art of certain low-budget horror movies, Andy Warhol, the Granddaddy of Pop, recently named his favorite movie—it's CREATION OF THE HUMANOID. Certainly, GODZILLA VS. THE THING is a great example of Pop Art; it's the only time we've ever seen a green moth bowl.—Editor.

AND LAST BUT NOT BEAST . . .

Painted & assembled plastic models of Godzilla & King Kong are \$2.25 each; all others, like The Guillotine or Frankenstein's Flower \$1.75 each (add 50¢ each for postage & handling) from Steve Chapman, 330 Skokie Lane, Glenco, IL . . . Selling part of his fine sf-fantasy collection at reasonable prices including books by Derleth, Lovecraft, Merritt & many more; Vic Ghidola, 402 Silverdale Ave., Tonawanda, N.Y. . . . GORE CREATURES is new in its second year; the publisher reminds us that the huge crowds subscribing to it "think it's great," regardless. If we like it or not (and do you know something? He may be right!); \$1.00 equals 4 issues from the one and only Gary Svelha, 5926 Keaven Ave., Baltimore, Md.—21266 . . . For Sale: posters, pressbooks, stills, etc. from every horror movie made after 1950. A free list available for a stamped addressed envelope from Steven Spagnoli, 102D Mace Ave., Bronx, N.Y.—10469 . . . Membership is \$1.00 in the National William Castle Horror Advisory Board & Fan Club. Except for Social Security and a Medicare program, numerous privileges and stuff one gets include membership card, official badge, official letters, official club bulletins, an official biography of Mr. Castle, official prizes & official contests, official officiating, and stuff like that there, see. The back and letter go to President Terry Boer, 204 West King St., Leicester, Penna.—17603. . . . Unselfishness knowing no end, a horror club is announced that costs nothing to join: heading this charitable mission is Thomas Weber, chairman and president, 74 Howard Ave., Hillside, Illinois.

Buying and collecting weird literature, he also has stills to sell at various prices (send stamp & envelope): Mike Steadman, R.R. 3, Box 59, Edgewater, Md. . . . A very promising fanmag put out by a very promising fan is GLUCK. Cool likes it for its basic sincerity and honesty, 75¢ for a full year (issued monthly) from George Milti, Jr., Star Route, Pittstown, Penna.—19464. . . . Membership is \$1.50 in the National Amateur Motion Picture Club—including club mag. & other interesting things; it's a very ambitious and stimulating organization. Write to: Steve Kalis, Box 457, Tolmico, Calif.—95481. . . . Interested in dinosaurs and their kinematics and wanting info, correspondence, etc. on the subject is Sherlene Springer, 172 Maple St., Brooklyn 25, N.Y. . . . The Lou Chaney Sr. Fan Club (Membership \$1.00)—includes is glossy Chaney foto, membership card, issues of club newsletter, etc. Write to founder, George E. Wagner, Box 326, King of Prussia, Penna. . . . Interested in buying—swapping—nearly any pre-1956 comic book you might like shadow, Spider, Capt. Satan, Wu Feng, etc. Also publish STAR-STUDDED COMICS which features Dr. Weird (50¢ per copy)—Larry Hemmings, 1630 Highland Drive, Carrollton, Texas—75006. . . . THE SCREEN MONSTERS CLUB (membership, \$2.00), gives membership card, code card, memory drawing, bimonthly dubious, bulletins, etc. Richard Steymann, 9306 Geyser Ave., Northridge 25, Calif.

There's also one more address, and it's where you send Ghostal Festols: Box 33—Hudson Heights—North Bergen, N.J.—07046

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One of the acknowledged Top Ten Horror Classics, this 1922 masterpiece (once considered very rare) is at last available for your 8 millimeter home screen. Yes, this is the film they've raved over all around the world (see special screen story and article on NOSFERATU in CoF #4 for May 1984). Like a dark breath of horror, the original DRACULA, NOSFERATU, considered by some to be the definitive Vampire film, is now available, 400 great feet of exciting, high-tension horror: \$9.95, plus 50¢ postage and handling.



CHARLES COLLINS REVIEWS FABLES OF HEROIC FANTASY AND ELDritch HORROR

THE DARK MAN AND OTHERS, Robert E. Howard, Arkham House, 1963, 284 pgs., \$5.00. Limited edition of 2,000 copies.

After finishing a volume by Robert E. Howard, one is apt to feel that Howard, like many of his modern day characters, has some dim awareness of a former existence in antediluvian times. Once caught up in his tales, these ancient memories appear to burst into his consciousness and are transcribed to the page with the vivid quality of a first hand report. His prose vibrates with the poetic lyricism of the epic balladier. His stories move at a rapid pace; his battle scenes reek with the stench of lawn endures; his landscapes are remote vistas, stark and fearful, or opulent and oriental. His characters in the heroic fantasies are fabled creatures of enormous appetites with a lust for love and war, superhuman courage, after fearlessness, immittable endurance, invincible strength . . . They are people with truly heroic stature.

THE DARK MAN AND OTHERS is the second Arkham House collection of Howard's fiction. (In 1957 Arkham House published an anthology of Howard's verse entitled *ALWAYS COMES EVENING*.) This latest volume is as distinguished as its predecessor in the Arkham library of fantastic literature is nothing as large or as satisfying as the huge omnibus memorial edition (Volume 500) of Howard's best short stories. This was published in 1946 by Arkham House under the title *SKULLFACE AND OTHERS*, and has recently gone out of print. None the less, we are delighted to have a second best volume of Howard at any time.

The stories collected in THE DARK MAN are the essential years of Howard's literary career, 1925 to 1937. He was a prolific writer who steadily contributed to the pulp markets throughout his reportedly short life. He was a famed name in such memorable publications as STRANGE TALES, ORIENTAL STORIES, WEIRD TALES, and ARGOSY, and during this period he fashioned some of the best "sword and sorcery" fantasy of our age. Long will he be remembered for such epic creations as Conan the Cimmerian, Solomon Kane, and Turlogh O'Brien.

THE DARK MAN is a fair sized cross-section of Howard's achievements. It opens with THE VOICE OF EL-LIL which first appeared in the initial issue of Oriental Stories, Oct.-Nov. 1930. This tale of mounting terror, splendor, and torture is set in a remnant civilization from dark ages past. THE DARK MAN and THE GODS OF BAL-SAGOTH, two representative works of barbarism and heroism in ancient times, features the Hesuan Turlogh O'Brien. They are charged with the sword and sorcery romance of which Howard was a master. PEOPLE OF THE DARK is the only Conan story in the book, and a rather inferior one at that. It does, however, unfold around Howard's peculiarly Jungian adaptation of the collective unconscious and genetic racial memory. DIG ME NO GRAVE and THE THING ON THE ROOF show Howard's unique treatment of primordial terror in the H. P. Lovecraft vein. The volume concludes with a fine piece of chiller horror in a modern western setting. (Texas, the state of Howard's birth, was a frequent local in his later works.)

Howard's stories move from mythological kingdoms to lost races in Somiland; from the present day south to medieval France; from Yucatan to Africa; from the American west to the dark mists of Celtic Britain. We were particularly pleased with PIGEONS FROM HELL, a tale of voodoo and horror and a terrible revenge set in a desolate Southern manor. Many may remember the remarkably faithful television production of this grisly on the CHILLER program a year or so ago. This, and DIG ME NO GRAVE are genuine spine tinglers with Howard displaying top form.

Howard is recognized for his unsparing details of battles and bloodshed. Indeed, such scenes are written with a curious passion and animation, with horror heaped upon horror in vivid prose. But herein lies his one major shortcoming: His blood-baths are overdone. They lack a disciplined, artistic control, and a versatility in treatment. Thus an evening with Howard's sword and sorcery fiction alone could quickly become repetitious to the point of monotony rather than a richly rewarding reading experience. There is no question, however, about Howard's merit as a first class storyteller who was endowed with an imagination vast and fertile. Despite the overabundance of blood and gore, THE DARK MAN is a thoroughly entertaining reading treat which should generate special interest for all admirers and fans of the late Robert E. Howard.

This Arkham House edition contains a short introduction by August Derleth, and a fantastic dust jacket by Frank Utpatel depicting the sanguinary climax of DIG ME NO GRAVE. Like all Arkham editions, THE DARK MAN has a limited printing which, from all reports, is selling extremely well.

SWORDS AND SORCERY, L. Sprague de Camp, editor, Pyramid books, 1963, 186 pgs., \$5.00. Cover and interior illustrations by Virgil Finlay.

We could not follow up Howard's DARK MAN AND OTHERS with a more appropriate selection than this excellent little volume of heroic fantasy. It is the first of its kind that I know of available in an inexpensive paperback edition. This new soft covered collection reprints tales in the genre of epic fantasy by Paul Anderson, Lord Dunsany, Robert E. Howard (of course), Henry Kuttner, Fritz Leiber, H. P. Lovecraft, C. L. Moore, and Clark Ashton Smith. Moreover, L. Sprague de Camp has contributed a fine introductory note on heroic fantasy, and adds a personal touch by providing a brief word to each story. Accordingly, most of the tales are well chosen. What more could we ask for at the price? Well, Pyramid outfit themselves with this one by including a series of bizarre illustrations by Virgil Finlay. (Mr. Finley is now part of the pulp magazine history. He was one of the foremost contributors of original and imaginative art work for the most memorable science fiction and fantasy publications of our time.)

But to the stories. Paul Anderson's THE VALDR OF CAPPEN VARRA—the initial tale—is a charming, well polished fantasy. It is the simple telling of how Cappen Varra rescues a beautiful maiden from the power of an evil and suitably deformed troll that lends this piece so much charm. In Cappen Varra's disconcerting only afterwards the nature of true valor, Mr. Anderson has graced his story with the universal quality of a fable. Robert E. Howard's SHADOWS IN THE MOONLIGHT is a swash-buckling Conan story (much better, by the way, than the one represented in the Arkham collection), abounding in fights to the death, and saturated with the usual Howard excesses of blood and gore. Kuttner's CITADEL OF DARKNESS is an odyssey of heroic adventure somewhat in the manner of Howard, though not so bloody; and Fritz Leiber's WHEN THE SEA KING'S AWAY is a whimsical but slight Feiford and Gray Mouse yarn.

Without reservation, the best in this collection are Lovecraft's THE COOM THAT CAME TO SARNATH and Clark Ashton Smith's THE TESTAMENT OF ATHAMMAUS. Both come from extremely rare, long out of print omnibus editions published by Arkham House, following their original magazine appearance back in 1935 and 1932 respectively.

The Lovecraft is a compelling tale of eldritch horror, written with his inimitable lyrical flair. The descriptions of the lush and ancient Sarnath, alighted with dazzling imagery, while the doom that overtakes the fabled city is particularly terrible in its awesome implications. Once more Lovecraft builds on his famed myths in ordaining Sarnath to its hideous, unearthly doom.

THE TESTAMENT OF ATHAMMAUS is set in Smith's mythological Hyperborea. This tale of a parasitic ghoul is a blood curdling! Smith writes in a style uniquely his own, and ATHAMMAUS is a splendid example of his singular ability. It is a story of cannibalism, beheadings, and obscene body regeneration. Commorion, the capital of Hyperborea, is, like Sarnath, another doomed city of ancient times. But this is doom wrought by the hell-spawned; a noxious monster who fattens on feasts of flesh and blood. Smith describes the creature in its final evolution in his inimitable manner: ". . . one eye had slipped away from all relation with its fellow or the head and was now occupying the navel, just below the embosom'd of the chin . . . the arms had lengthened into tentacles, with fingers that were like knots of writhing vipers . . . Most fabulous and impossible of all, however, were the changes in the nether limbs; at each knee and hip, they had bifurcated into long, little proboscises that were lined with throated suckers. By making a combined use of its various mouths and members, the abnormality was devouring both of the hapless persons whom it had seized."

Stories such as the Lovecraft and Smith, though published three decades ago, are still eminently readable today, as indeed they will be three decades from now. Lovecraft and Smith found their own language, fashioned their own concepts, and, in so doing, advanced the tale of terror just as surely as their giant forerunners did a generation or two ago.

C. L. Moore's HELLSGARDE—a fine Jiril of Jimmy piecs—and Lord Dunsany's DISTRESSING TALE OF THANGOBINDR THE JEWELLER (from THE BOOK OF WONDER) make up the balance of this splendid anthology. Accolades also to L. Sprague de Camp. He has presented a superlative collection of heroic fantasy. Let us hope it is a rapid sell out, and that he will soon favor us with another of equal merit.

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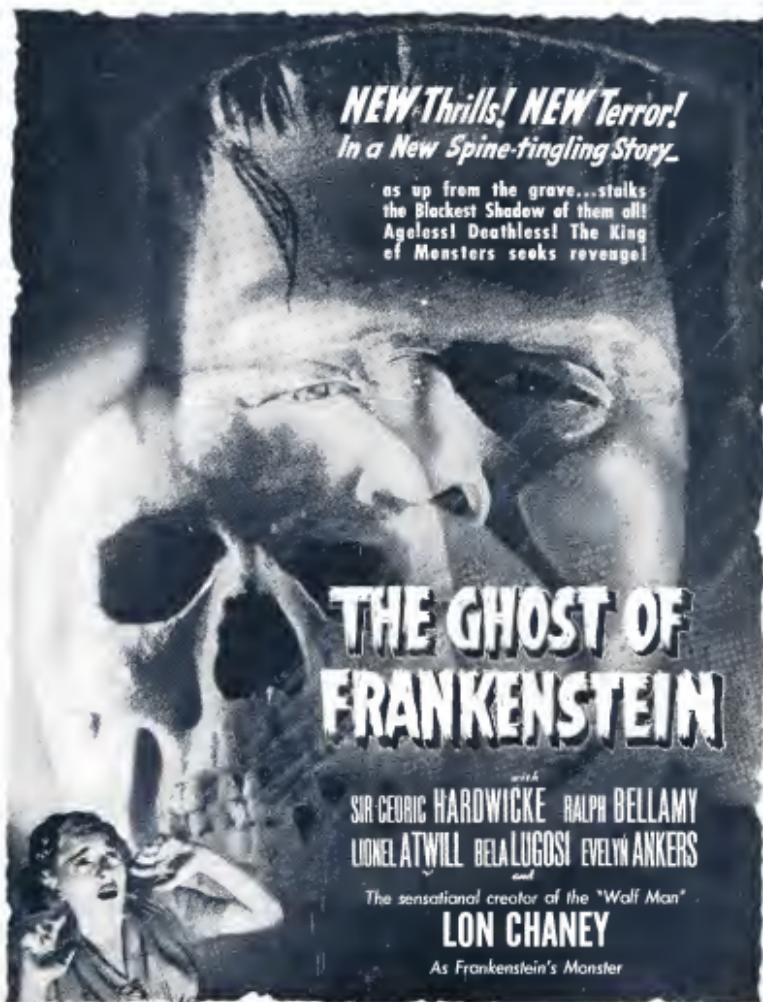
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